Y. M. C. A. Training School - - 28.5.09

The Nation

VOL. LXXXIX—NO. 2312. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909. PRICE TEN CENTS.

HOME LETTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN

Edited by M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE *$2.00 net, postpaid $2.20*

A remarkable series of intimate, personal letters from General Sherman to his wife and one or two other people, giving his first impressions of Bull Run, Vicksburg, Shiloh, the march through Georgia, and of the other great events in which he took part during his career, and vivid descriptions of the impression made on him by Grant, Lincoln, and the other famous men with whom he came in contact. They begin at West Point in 1837 and continue through the War and until 1888. They are among the most important additions to American history and biography in recent years.

"Their frankness and their clear evidence that Sherman was to be caught by no political net and knew exactly what were his greatest military achievements, make them exceptionally valuable historical material." —*The Nation.*

Society *and* Politics *in* Ancient Rome

By FRANK F. ABBOTT

$1.25 *net, postpaid* $1.35

"We know of no work in English which will give a clearer idea of Politics and Society in Early Rome."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A large fund of significant details is rendered peculiarly vivid by clever and sound comparisons with the facts of our own day."—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Problem of Human Life

By RUDOLPH EUCKEN

$3.00 *net, postpaid* $3.30

"His is one of the broadest and sanest interpretations of existence from the religious point of view as yet afforded us." —*Harvard Theological Review.*

Pepys

By PERCY LUBBOCK $1.00 *net, postpaid* $1.10

"We have read his book from cover to cover and 'it did please us mightily.' "—*London Academy.*

The Mystery of Education

By BARRETT WENDELL $1.25 *net, postpaid* $1.35

Essays on the Study of Expression, Edgar Allan Poe, The Study of Literature, The Mystery of Education, and other topics full of sound sense and brilliant expression.

The American of the Future

By BRANDER MATTHEWS $1.25 *net, postpaid* $1.35

Illuminating, witty essays on non-literary topics full of sound sense and brilliant expression.

Sixty Years with the Bible

By WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE

$1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.65

Dr. Clarke tells the story of his own life in the single character of a student, lover, and user of the Bible, exhibiting the mental processes through which the change from the old to the new attitude toward the Bible has come to pass.

The Gateway to the Sahara

By CHARLES W. FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated. $2.50 *net, postpaid* $2.75

"An absorbing story. He braved the pathless deserts as Arctic explorers face the Polar snows and with less hope of final return to civilization."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Through the French Provinces

By ERNER C. PEIXOTTO

Illustrated. $2.50 *net, postpaid* $2.75

Delightful trips to out-of-the-way places in Gascony, Touraine, Provence, and the country near Paris in motor and motor boats; beautifully illustrated.

The Grizzly Bear

By WILLIAM H. WRIGHT

Illustrated. $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.65

"Of uncommon interest. A book to be read by the sportsman, the naturalist, and all who love adventure and true stories of wild animals."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Art in Great Britain and Ireland

By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

500 *illustrations.* $1.50 *net, postpaid* $1.65

A comprehensive and critical account of all kinds of art in the British Isles from the earliest times to the present day, written by the greatest living authority in Great Britain.

Posson Jone and Pere Raphael

By GEORGE W. CABLE

Illustrated. $1.50

An amusing, moving and dramatic adventure of Creole life described from two entirely different points of view.

The Arabian Nights

The twelve best stories, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Twelve beautiful drawings reproduced in full colors and cover design by Maxfield Parrish. $2.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York

LIBRARY OF THE Y. M. C. A. TR. SCHOOL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 369

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

"Red-Hot" Diplomacy 372
Spain's New Troubles 372
Where Doctor Cook Now Stands..... 373
Lombroso's Work 374
Chesterton on Shaw.....375

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

News for Bibliophiles..... 376

CORRESPONDENCE:

Science and Inaugurations..... 376
A New Archæological Lectureship.... 377
English and Classic Verbs..... 378
Chaucer Speaks 378
A Correction 378

LITERATURE:

Sir George Grey, Governor and High Commissioner 378
La Catedral.—The Shadow of the Cathedral 380
The Faith of His Fathers..... 380
The Man of Destiny 381
Pa Flickinger's Folks 381
On the Tracks of Life: the Immorality of Morality 381
The Origins of Christianity..... 382
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia 383
Essays in Politics 383

NOTES 384

SCIENCE:

Malaria and Greek History..... 386

DRAMA 387

MUSIC:

A Regrettable Tendency in Song Recitals 388

ART:

El Greco 388

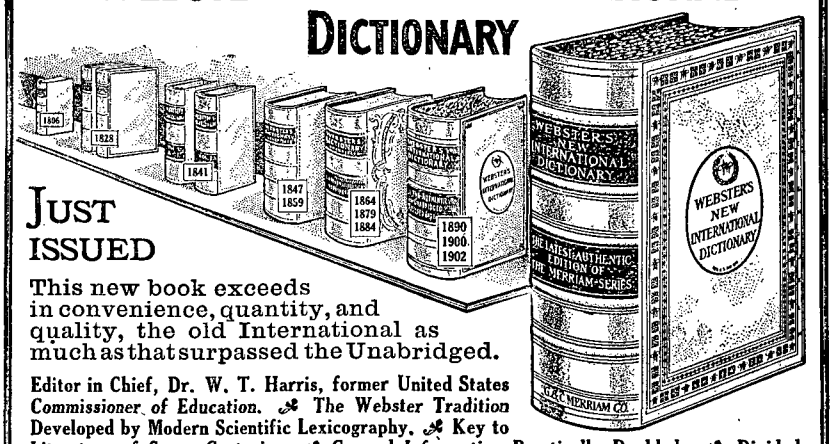
FINANCE:

After the Harriman Régime..... 392

BOOKS OF THE WEEK..... 392

***Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY



JUST ISSUED

This new book exceeds in convenience, quantity, and quality, the old International as much as that surpassed the Unabridged.

Editor in Chief, Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education. The Webster Tradition Developed by Modern Scientific Lexicography. Key to Literature of Seven Centuries. General Information Practically Doubled. Divided Page: Important Words Above, Less Important Below. Contains More Information of Interest to More People Than Any Other Dictionary.

GET THE BEST
IN SCHOLARSHIP, CONVENIENCE, AUTHORITY, UTILITY.
Ask your bookseller for the New International or write for Specimen Pages to
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.
You will do us a favor to mention this magazine.

Educational.

Professeur Université de France, ancien Directeur d'Ecole normale reçoit élèves pour langue et littérature françaises, promenades, voyages et conversation.
C. SCHUWER, O.I., M.H., M.M.,
11 RUE LIANCOURT, PARIS, XIV.

THE FISK TEACHERS AGENCIES
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
2 A Park Street, Boston 1505 Pa. Ave., Washington
156 Fifth Ave., New York 414 Cen. Bld., Minneapolis
203 Mich. Ave., Chicago 292 Swetland Bld., Portland
405 Cooper Bld., Denver 238 Dougl's Bld., Los Angeles
618 Peyton Bld., Spokane 2142 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY
Supplies schools of all grades with competent teachers. Vacancies occurring throughout the year. Send for bulletin.
HARLAN P. FRENCH, 81 Chapel St., Albany, N.Y.

FOWLER & WHEELER'S GREEK ARCHAEOLOGY
$2.00
A concise yet complete handbook on the subject, comprising 559 pages, with 412 carefully chosen illustrations. It is equally adapted for college classes, private readers, or public libraries. Specimen pages giving a good idea of the book will be sent free on request.
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York Cincinnati Chicago Boston

Bureau of Library Research
Search work in Washington Libraries, translating, typewriting of MSS., indexing, revision. References.
E. L. STONE, Director,
101 Stoneleigh Court, Washington, D. C.

MARX'S CAPITAL, now complete, 3 vols., $6.00.
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Chicago.

Selections from the Economic History of the United States
By Prof. GUY STEVENS CALLENDER, Yale University
A complete and connected discourse on the principal topics of our economic history. The selections have been compiled from a number of volumes hitherto unavailable for practical use.
GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers
29 Beacon Street Boston

Fifth Edition
Remsen's Organic Chemistry
Revised and enlarged, and printed from entirely new plates. 441 pages. $1.20.
A standard work which takes nothing for granted except an elementary knowledge of general chemistry. Advantage has been taken of the resetting of the book to bring the matter thoroughly to date.
D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers,
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Are You Plus or Minus?
Answer after reading the little book whose fame is spreading like wild-fire:
SELF-MEASUREMENT
A Scale of Human Values, with Directions for Personal Application.
By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE,
President of Bowdoin College.
All bookstores, 50c. net; by mail, 55c.
B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, New York.

"TONO-BUNGAY"

AMERICANS: An Impression
By Alexander Francis.

MAGAZINES (including THE NATION) bought by A. S. CLARK, Peekskill, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1909.

The Week.

The meeting of the President of the United States and the President of Mexico signifies more than a formal act of international courtesy. It typifies not only good feeling between the two countries, but the kind of relation that ought to exist between the great republic of the North and all the republics to the South of her. It is now sixty years since what the monument at Chapultepec calls "the North American invasion" dismembered Mexico, and it has taken all that time, with correct conduct on our part, to free the minds of Mexicans from the fear of further aggression. Today, happily, no intelligent man south of the Rio Grande believes that the United States cherishes any territorial ambitions at the expense of her neighbor. There is, indeed, an American conquest of Mexico going on, but it is peaceful. American capital has gone into Mexican railways and mines and manufactures, and more of it will go; but there is no thought of seizing the land or impairing Mexican sovereignty. What we see is simply friendly cooperation in developing the resources and advancing the civilization of an adjoining country. American enterprise and American ideas have gone where no one now thinks of making the flag go. This fortunate state of things has been publicly symbolized in the greetings of Diaz and Taft.

The tradition of democratic simplicity has not been entirely submerged in the national flood of monkey-dinners and imported sons-in-law. Unostentatiousness lingers where it best belongs, about the office of the President of the United States. When the President of Mexico crossed the international bridge over the Rio Grande, his wheel hubs and harness were of gold and his martial chest was refulgent with precious stones. When Mr. Taft crossed the Rio Grande, he rode in an ordinary specimen of what the West is fond of describing as a low-necked carriage, probably hired for the occasion. The Kansas farmer has his motor car and the Colorado miner sends his daughter to Vassar and Paris, but when the President of the United States is caught in the rain, he must go to bed while his clothes are being pressed. We must not be misled by the fact that the President's journey has traced a furrow of silk hats and frock coats across the primitive soil of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. The tall hat and the Prince Albert have been thoroughly democratized ever since it grew possible to get them from a mail-order house on the basis of one's own measurements. When the Germans call us a nation of materialists, they only exhibit their laughable ignorance of a people whose chief magistrate's trousers bag at the knee.

President Taft's advocacy of ship subsidies does not meeet with approval in the editorial columns of the central Republican organ of his own State, the *Ohio State Journal*. It is flatly opposed to subsidies as such, and not willing to accept them under some euphemistic disguise. "We are not concerned with exact definitions," it says. "When the government pays $500,000 for what costs $100,000, it makes no difference what you call the $400,000. It is a burden on the people by whatever name it is known." With a continually increasing display of independence among the Republicans of the Middle West, it is not impossible that the subsidy-hunters will find that they have already passed the zenith of their influence. It is hard to make out a reasonable argument for any gain by subsidy to any one except those directly interested, and it will certainly prove doubly hard with the hundreds of thousands of Republican farmers north of Mason and Dixon's line and between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. In that stretch of territory, the whole scheme can be nullified if sentiment already existing is kept alive and properly directed.

Signs of new life in the Democratic party were never so welcome as to-day. On Saturday, Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio delivered a speech at Dallas, Texas, which is announced as the first gun in his campaign for the Presidency. Certainly, if any man in the party has such an ambition, he can do no better service than to let it be known. Since the death of Gov. Johnson, Gov. Harmon is the most influential Democrat in public life. His Administration in Ohio is apparently commending itself to Democrats and Republicans alike. His speech of Saturday was a reaffirmation of the sound policies which led to his party's two victories. He was radical enough, when Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General, to carry forward to success the first important cases under the Interstate Commerce law, yet he has held fast to those fundamental Democratic principles, which are never outworn. Congressman Clark's avowal of the candidacy for the Speakership was to be expected. He is by no means romancing when he says that President Taft's tariff speeches are helping the Democrats. Certainly, there is every evidence that they have not sweetened the new tariff to the taste of thousands of disgruntled Republicans. The opportunity to win the next House lies plainly before the Democrats. It is for the new leaders to say whether it shall be seized.

We can remember no effort to hunt down criminals in high place more entitled to public interest and encouragement than that which the Federal government is now making to fasten the guilt of the Sugar Trust frauds upon the big men who were responsible for them. That persons high in the management of the American Sugar Refining Company not only knew of, but instigated and directed, these contemptible and systematic thefts, carried on day after day for years, is self-evident. The swindling was solely in the interest of the company; and it only remains now to procure legal evidence sufficient to convict some or all of the responsible criminals. One aspect of the crime which brands it with peculiar infamy is the color it gives to the widespread idea that the existing organization of society is too rotten to tolerate. If such callous disregard of all moral restraint, such shameless and sordid greed, were really representative of business standards, it would be about time for the whole thing to be cleared away. Nothing of the kind is true; but as it is not, there should be a united and determined demand that these high-placed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criminals be relentlessly hunted down and punished. Upon no work will the Federal Department of Justice do better to concentrate its energies.

The immediate investigation by the Public Service Commission of Sunday's accident on the New York Central Railroad is a vivid reminder of the kind of benefit resulting from the existence of such a commission. It is true that in recent years this particular company has shown a willingness to make public promptly the facts it has ascertained about any accident; but that disposition is not universal, and it is only a few years since the opposite attitude was regularly assumed by virtually all railway companies; they told as much or as little as they pleased, and when they pleased. Moreover, it is one thing for the company to furnish information, and quite another for public officers to make searching investigation and a disinterested report. But it is not only the matter of accidents that we have in mind in this connection; it is the whole operation of the railroads and of the street railways as affecting the public comfort, health, and safety. The power has always existed in legislatures to exact proper arrangements for the securing of these in all practicable ways, but there was no way to put that power into effective exercise until permanent special commissions were instituted and clothed with adequate authority.

In the *Outlook*, George Kennan, himself an experienced Siberian sledger, submits Dr. Cook's statements about his food supply to another searching analysis, with a resultant decision that "the story of the alleged achievement, therefore, must be dismissed as in the highest degree improbable, if not absolutely incredible and impossible." With this opinion most unbiassed people now, we think, agree. By that we do not mean to say that Mr. Kennan's demonstration is to be taken as the final disposition of Dr. Cook's claims. But it deals with a most important question, which, with many people, will carry much more weight than Peary's report of the testimony he got from Dr. Cook's Eskimos. When the time does come for an impartial scientific body to pass upon Dr. Cook's claims, Mr. Kennan's article is bound to be the basis of much cross-questioning of Dr. Cook. Mr. Kennan deals only with Dr. Cook's own statements as to the amount of food taken on the final dash—800 pounds of pemmican—and shows by simple arithmetic that three men and dogs which decreased in number from twenty-six to ten could not have been sustained on this food supply for the eighty days of the dash to the Pole and the return. It would suffice only for forty-two days, if men and dogs were allowed a pound a day. But even by reducing that ration and allowing for the consumption of some dog flesh, it is impossible to make the 800 pounds cover the eighty days during which, according to Cook's own statement, he killed no game.

If we could have a dozen new college presidents put into office in as many weeks, the fight for higher intellectual standards would receive an impulse that might insure victory from the start. Dartmouth's new president agrees with Harvard's new president on the need of fostering scholarship in college. His remedy has the advantage over Dr. Lowell's of greater concreteness. Give us more money, says President Nichols, that we may have more instructors, that we may have smaller classes, that each student may come into contact with a man who is learned and loves learning, and may catch something of the divine flame. Why should not leadership count in the field of scholarship as in every other sphere of life? As a rule, we become fervent believers in Martian canals, Browning, woman-suffrage, free-trade, Peary or Cook, when we listen to some one who fervently believes in those things. Small classes will not do everything. They will not at once take freshmen who spell "earegular" and "aprentise" and turn them into lovers of Walter Pater and Horace. Compared with the European student, our sophomores must be half-baked, just as our millionaires and our theatres are half-baked. But if the small class shall teach nothing else but the futility of our worship of mere size, it will have done good service.

While the House of Commons was taking a recess, the Lords remained in session, and voted unanimously the second reading of Lloyd-George's development and roads improvement bill. This is taken as a sign that the Lords are making up their minds not to throw out the budget, since the money to carry out the projects of the development bill is provided in the budget. The particular inference may be fallacious, but it falls in with many other indications that the Lords feel their courage oozing out of them. One little token of this is a cartoon in the last number of *Punch*, which is certainly not a Liberal paper. It pictures a ferocious bull, labelled "People's Budget," coming down the road, and in front of it a coronetted spaniel which is saying: "They tell me that as a sportsman I ought to take this thing; but I'm not at all sure I shan't let it pass." The real reason for the hesitation of the Lords is, of course, not a scruple about their constitutional privilege, nor reluctance to precipitate the kind of financial chaos which would follow the rejection of the budget, but fear of what would happen to them if they forced a general election and got beaten. Agents of both parties have been scouring the country to ascertain popular sentiment, and it is understood that the Unionist inquirers have refused to guarantee Mr. Balfour a majority if he should go to the country on the issue of the Lords against the Commons. A "Unionist Peer" writes to the *Westminster Gazette* to point out that his party would have to carry 320 out of the 465 seats in England alone (they now have but 128), in order to secure a working majority, and records his protest "against the Unionist party playing for stakes it cannot afford to lose." In keeping with this is the telegram which the former Speaker, Viscount Peel, sent to the *Daily Chronicle:* "Hope Lords will pause before extreme step of rejecting Finance Bill."

Even in retirement, Prince Bülow cannot keep out of controversy. In the newspaper discussion of his fall and its causes, the assertion was widely made that the slackening of the Kaiser's confidence and the withdrawal of the Kaiser's active support led to the Chancellor's overthrow in the Reichstag. Then came a denial from Von Bülow himself, who gave a brief statement to a news agency saying that the political parties which were responsible for his leaving office could not "be allowed to shift the *odium* from themselves to the Crown." Thereupon the leading Conservative organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made the following significant comment:

We have every reason to suppose that up to the time of his departure Prince Bülow believed himself to be assured of the complete restoration of the Imperial confidence, which had been temporarily shaken. But we have equally good reasons to suppose that in this belief Prince Bülow was mistaken.

Behind all these charges and insinuations there lies the really important question whether Germany is approaching anything like Parliamentary government, under which the Reichstag can practically dismiss a Minister. It appears that the German Conservatives and Centrists, who at first gloried over Prince Bülow's fall, are now a little frightened at their own success, and are willing to have it understood that it was the Emperor who did it, after all.

Airship crazy as they are, Germans have been deeply interested in what appears to have been the first dirigible race. It was between the Zeppelin III and the Parseval III, the latter being the latest army dirigible built by Major von Parseval, Zeppelin's greatest rival, and the course was from Frankfort to Darmstadt. The Parseval III won easily, although 300 feet higher than the Zeppelin III and using only half her power. It is only fair to say, however, that the Parseval III is built to stay aloft for only twenty hours, and so carries less fuel, and that its motors are much more powerful. This is due to the fact that the Zeppelin, being a rigid dirigible, sacrifices 40 per cent. of its lifting power to the structural weight, while the Parseval III, being of the non-rigid type, loses only 25 per cent. of its lifting power on account of its own weight, exclusive of supplies, passengers, and engines. The Zeppelinites have taken the defeat of their craft with such bad grace that Major von Parseval is eager to give them another sail for their satisfaction, if not for their money. Meanwhile, however, the Zeppelin III has again delighted its admirers by a twelve-hour flight from Frankfort to Düsseldorf by way of St. Goar, Coblentz, and Cologne. The airship made its way against a heavy west wind and a pouring rain. yet at all times was easily manœuvred.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that a movement is on foot in Berlin to place the tipping system in restaurants upon a systematic basis and to establish the practice as a matter of compulsion and not of choice. The amount of the tip is generally already regarded there as so nearly a matter of precise calculation, as well as of understood necessity, that one would think nothing more in this direction was called for. What makes the tipping system in our own country, and especially in New York, so great a nuisance is the wild vagaries to which it is subject, owing to the extravagant habits of people whose one idea about money is to show that they don't care how loosely they fling it around. This brings about a state of things in which sensible men, while giving more than they think reasonable, often have not even the comfort of being sure that they have come up to the mark. It would certainly be an improvement to have a generally accepted scale, which it would be "bad form" to exceed as well as to fall short of. But far from our entering upon any limitation of the tipping system, it is invading territory which, until recently, had been exempt from its operation. When it comes to levying toll at a public dinner, the line ought to be drawn; and yet that is a practice which is apparently on the way to getting established. It is to be hoped that somebody will have the courage to start a tipless restaurant—provided he understands his business, and also takes care to pay the waiters wages high enough to make their places desirable. If this be done, they will be quite as pleasant and as attentive as they are now with their mind's eye on the doubtful tip.

Paris and Rome, where the most violent of the Ferrer demonstrations have taken place, are the strongest centres of European anti-clericalism. In Italy the campaign against the Church schools has taken on importance during the last few years. The impulse came from France; the movement gained rapid headway after Rome elected a Free-Mason Mayor and a Radical Municipal Council. The secularization of the schools was brought up in the Italian Parliament last year. It had a spectacular advocate in the person of Don Romolo Murri, a former priest, who has given up the old faith but clings to his clerical vestments. It failed because public opinion in Italy is evidently not prepared for a complete break with the Church. In France, on the other hand, the anti-clerical campaign has been carried from Parliament into the schools. In a recent pastoral letter signed by the French cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, the faithful are warned against sending their children to the so-called neutral schools, whose neutrality takes the form of bitter opposition to church and religion. The Catholic schools must be kept up if the Catholic churches are to be kept up. "In proportion as the schools from which religious instruction is banished keep on filling up our churches will grow empty." The pastoral letter puts the ban on more than a dozen text-books in French history and civics whose views it finds pernicious. "If, therefore," the letter concludes, "parents perceive that the souls of their children are imperilled in the so-called neutral schools, they must not hesitate, under pain of forfeiting the sacraments of the church." French radicalism interprets the last sentence as a call to sedition.

The tone of the American press is decidedly favorable to Gen. Estrada, who is now pursuing the regular path of Presidential ambition in Nicaragua. And it makes no bones about saying why we are for Estrada and against Zelaya. Estrada will reduce import and export duties, Estrada will throw open government concessions to foreign capital, Estrada is for us, and, consequently, we are heartily for him. Our State Department has been scrupulously correct. The revolutionary leader's communications have remained unanswered because he is still a revolutionist, but we are told that it is practically certain that the Estrada government will be recognized as soon as decency permits. For "President Zelaya for a long time has been a thorn in the side of American diplomacy seeking to bring order out of the chaos in Central America." So here again we are for Estrada because he is for us, a justifiable policy if playing with revolutions were not a dangerous thing. Surely, the chaos in Central America will not come nearer to cosmos by our helping on the methods that make it. Six years ago, when this country and the moulder of its destinies wanted something very badly down in Spanish America, we made use of a revolution to get it. But that fine act of highway robbery at least carried no moral pretensions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"RED-HOT" DIPLOMACY.

The abrupt termination of Mr. Charles R. Crane's career as Minister to China causes both surprise and regret. His appointment was looked upon as peculiarly fortunate. President Taft publicly expressed his pleasure at having found a man so well fitted for the important post. Successful in business, having a wide acquaintance with affairs in the Far East, independent in politics, Mr. Crane seemed to have a future of usefulness and distinction before him in the diplomatic service. But now for a single indiscretion his resignation has been demanded even before he set sail for China.

Mr. Crane's indiscretion is not denied by him, and we think its gravity is beyond doubt. He talked too freely with a newspaper reporter about State Department secrets, in connection with our relations to Japan and China. The Minister's name was not used in the publication of this gossip by a Chicago paper, but his inspiration of it was apparent at least to the officials of the State Department. Now, it must be admitted that the offence was serious. The standing instructions of the diplomatic officers of the United States forbid them, in general, to "correspond with newspapers." All the greater is the impropriety of conversing with reporters for the press upon important international questions still pending. Mr. Crane was gravely at fault, and his dismissal is technically justifiable. That can be conceded, however, without assenting to either the tact or the wisdom of the whole proceeding. There was unnecessary roughness about it; and if the Secretary of State has read a severe lesson in discretion, he has done it at the cost of exciting a certain public apprehension regarding our interests in the Orient. The offending publication had no wide circulation and had done no great harm. A private reprimand and warning to Mr. Crane might have been deemed punishment enough; or, he might have been allowed quietly to resign after an interval. To recall him imperatively from San Francisco and to dismiss him out of hand, seems too much like applying *peine forte et dure* to a minor crime. It may add to the reputation of our diplomacy for force, but not for suavity or dignity.

In Mr. Crane's statement, put forth in extenuation of his admitted indiscretion, he points out certain difficulties under which he had labored. He had never had a consultation with Secretary Knox, who was away from Washington when the new Minister to China went there for instructions. Not even with the first Assistant Secretary, Mr. Wilson, did Mr. Crane have a conference, though he sought repeatedly to arrange one. His sole interviews were with clerks in the Department. Such general instructions as he had came from President Taft, who urged him to do everything he could to interest Americans in the questions of the Pacific, and especially to accept all invitations to speak, and to "let them have it red hot." This, of course, was no warrant for speaking indiscreetly, much less for giving delicate information to a reporter, but it does betray the state of mind into which Mr. Crane had got under the highest prompting. And it illustrates the perils as well as the advantages of the "new diplomacy," which sometimes appears to be like the heathen of old in thinking that it "shall be heard for its much speaking." Especially is red-hot speaking by a diplomat apt to result in the burning of his own fingers.

A new tendency has plainly been setting in, and America has largely been responsible for it. If the practice is inclining to the selection of diplomats who can speak acceptably on public occasions, the number of examples that the United States has furnished must have had a good deal to do with it. Our succession of Ministers to England, from Lowell to Choate, able to lend a grace to literary anniversaries or civic festivals, created a sort of standard in the representation of one people to another, instead of merely one government to another. From that has seemed to follow the choice of Ambassadors to the United States—German, French, Brazilian, as well as British—who make themselves familiar figures in various parts of the country. More than fifty years ago, John Delane wrote to Lord Clarendon urging the selection of a British Minister at Washington who could make good speeches. Mr. Bryce would have satisfied him!

Our new school of speaking diplomats, however, should never forget that their oratory must always be seasoned with discretion. The highest praise that can be given to an address by an Ambassador is that it never once trenched on the proprieties, betrayed no official confidence, did not dim by so much as a breath the good relations between his own country and that where he was speaking. But such successes do not go with the "red-hot" method. This, on the contrary, is almost certain to lead to "blazing indiscretions," of the kind to which Lord Salisbury used to be so prone, but which it is certain that he, as Foreign Secretary, would never have tolerated in a subordinate.

SPAIN'S NEW TROUBLES.

Nothing could have been more unlucky for the Spanish government, just now, than such an alienation of foreign sympathy as has been caused by the execution of Professor Ferrer. It would be absurd to speak as if we had here the makings of another Dreyfus case, but that the affair is a serious and bad thing for Spain cannot well be denied. For one thing it prejudices her newly won place in the councils of Europe. Spain's importance in European politics has singularly increased since her catastrophes in the war with the United States. Diplomatically, she made a rapid rebound. The weight, or at least the strategic significance, which she has for the past six or seven years enjoyed in the chancelleries of Europe, is doubtless greater than she had known since 1870 and the resounding controversy over the possible accession of a German prince to the throne of Isabella. The English alliance, sealed by the marriage of Alfonso and Victoria; the close and good relations with France; even the long friction with Germany over Moroccan questions; the Algeciras Conference, resulting in Spain's becoming a mandatory of the Powers—all this indicates the international prominence which Spain had been slowly reconquering, or which had come to her in consequence of her position on the European chess-board. It is nothing less than a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude, therefore, for her government to have taken a step which has inflamed against her the humane sentiment of France and Italy and England.

The suggestion that the events of last July were a blessing in disguise for Barcelona and for Spain generally, sounds almost too paradoxical. It is, however, the sober opinion of a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*. Writ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing in that periodical, Herbert Adams Gibbons defends the thesis that, notwithstanding the strong Catalan inclination to Republicanism, a desire on the part of these "Yankees of Spain" for industrial and commercial prosperity is an influence always powerful enough to prevent a political propaganda by an appeal to arms. "Separatism," he writes, "never more than an impractical dream, has disappeared for the present"; Carlism he qualifies as "a lost cause." The conflict of the future is to be a battle of the ballots, with Monarchism and Republicanism the rallying-points. Now is the time, cries Mr. Gibbons, "for the king and his Cabinet, and for the municipal authorities of Barcelona, to profit by the present frame of the public mind, and take measures which will insure the unbroken peace and prosperity of their nation and its Queen City."

There is in this at least the undoubted truth that Spain's great task is that of social and political reorganization. And it is a fact that many of her best minds have been giving of their energy to that labor. More than one acute observer has noted a kind of "intensive cultivation" in Spain since the loss of the last of her colonies. From grandiose but fruitless projects across the seas, the Spanish nation has turned its attention to the work to be done at home. Nor has a fair degree of progress been wanting. In the development of her mines and fields, the improvement and extension of her manufactures, and the solidifying of her finances, Spain has many advances to point to within the past decade. In all these matters, the experience of other countries has been carefully studied, nor have political conditions in other lands been neglected by Spanish students, reformers, and statesmen. Prof. Martin Hume of Cambridge University, a high authority on Spanish affairs, himself a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, recently wrote of the leading Spaniards of the present day:

> The result of their war with the United States has brought home to them incontestably that in order to vie with the enlightened nations, whose qualities they admire and whose prosperity they envy, their own domestic organization must be reformed. The mass of the people have long been convinced that the remedy they seek will not be found in mere political changes or by varying the nominal form of government; and on all hands it is acknowledged that the malady of the country, being to a great extent one of character, must be diagnosed by a close study of their social life and habits. This conviction has turned the best intellects of Spain in the last ten years almost exclusively to the analysis of social conditions at home and abroad, and more especially of those of the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin whose institutions are most advanced.

In the light of such a promising movement in Spain, we can the more readily see how unhappy the effect must be of putting to death an intellectual leader like Professor Ferrer in a way to leave a cloud on the justice of his execution. We cannot, of course, pretend to judge the force of the evidence against him, but we know that before a civil tribunal he was acquitted, that it was a secret military trial in which he was condemned; and the outside world cannot be blamed if it believes that a judicial murder was committed. The motives to it were plain. Revolutionists were to be stricken with terror, while the dread and absolutist power of the government was to be exalted. But this is only to take counsel of frightened and stupid reactionaries. The King and his advisers must misread the history of their own country, to say nothing of others, if they imagine that a policy of blood and iron can win against indestructible human aspirations.

It is not, perhaps, strange that both the throne and the church in Spain should have been startled by the evidences of fierce animosity against them, during the terrible scenes in Barcelona and elsewhere. An affable and democratic monarch found himself the object of fury, and a Church which had been supreme in the religious life of the people ever since the expulsion of the Moors, discovered that thousands of Spaniards were only waiting to visit their ferocity upon it. An extreme reaction was natural, but the question is whether it is wise to persist in it. Temporarily, the army may be placed on a pinnacle and ecclesiastics made to appear all-powerful; but no one who knows the Spanish temper, or even understands anything of human nature, can imagine that the method of ruthless repression can long succeed. It is not a question of dealing merely with anarchists; though Professor Ferrer's blood will be their seed. What Spain needs to-day is a large and conciliatory and constructive policy.

WHERE DOCTOR COOK NOW STANDS

Let it be admitted at once that the affidavit of Barrill, the man who accompanied Doctor Cook on his alleged ascent of Mount McKinley, is not conclusive evidence of the falsity of the doctor's story; for, certainly, a man who signs a sworn statement that he had been a voluntary participant in the concoction of an elaborate and swindling falsehood cannot be accepted as an unimpeachable witness when he swears that he lied. However fully this may be granted, it is nevertheless manifest that the publication of Barrill's affidavit, to say nothing of other evidence, radically alters the position in which Cook stands as regards his claim to the discovery of the North Pole. That position should be set down in as plain language as possible, and this we shall attempt to do.

Seven weeks have passed since his first story of his exploit was given to the world. Since that time, he has added virtually nothing to the meagre evidence furnished in his account of the tremendous task which he claims to have accomplished, with the assistance of only two young Eskimos, after the most arduous and long-planned endeavors of all his predecessors had failed. These two Eskimos, the only companions of his journey, have given a circumstantial story of that journey according to which it was not even an attempt to reach the Pole, but a deliberate imposture—a mere dash a short way out over the land ice, followed by a long sojourn hundreds of miles south of the Pole. And now comes his only companion on the other extraordinary adventure that he claims to have carried to a triumphant conclusion, and swears that this, too, was a deliberate imposture. Thus two tremendous feats of endurance, skill, and daring—two achievements each of which had been given up in despair by all who had gone before him—are claimed by Doctor Cook, not only on the mere basis of his unsupported word, but in the face of positive and circumstantial statements to the contrary made by every human being who was with him on either occasion.

Such a situation would obviously provoke, on the part of any man who wished to retain the respect of his fellows, a demand for the promptest, most com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prehensive, and most thorough investigation possible. The *Nation* has not permitted itself to pass judgment on his case on the basis of a mere balance of probabilities, however strongly it may have felt, at times, that that balance inclined in one direction. But the time has come, or will come very soon, when mere failure to press the question to a conclusion must be regarded as a confession of guilt. It is not for this or that scientific body, or this or that newspaper, to suggest to Doctor Cook the propriety of presenting his evidence and getting an authoritative verdict; it is for him to *demand* an inquiry, to insist on its being complete, to place not only his memoranda, but himself, unreservedly at the disposal of an impartial committee of investigation. Failure to do this, and to do it promptly, will, we warn him, very rapidly have the effect of causing those whose opinions are worth anything to set him down as a shameless impostor.

This is strong language, but it has been carefully weighed. We have not been anxious to have Cook's claim disproved; we have held out for fair play. But as time has passed, the spectacle presented by this unproved claimant to signal honors has become more and more offensive. He has been complacently going about the country taking in the people's money and enjoying the people's plaudits and leaving to the future the task of establishing his claim. To criticisms based on intrinsic improbabilities or defects in his story he has been offering indefinite or fragmentary answers. When his Eskimo companions are cited in evidence against him, he tells us that their talk was merely in pursuance of his injunctions to them to conceal the facts. Now comes the only witness of his great mountain feat, the only man whose testimony was available to him in confirmation of the ascent of Mount McKinley, and declares, under oath, that this claim is an elaborate lie from beginning to end. And this witness is not in the frozen North; he can doubtless be produced at short notice. If Doctor Cook is an honest man, he will demand that this be done, and that the whole case, North Pole and Mount McKinley both, be cleared up at once and completely. From now on, he ought to be spending his days and nights in the work of clearing his honor; and every dollar that he takes in henceforward by exploiting his claim when he ought to be removing the cloud on it, will be a dollar gained at the expense of his reputation for honesty.

LOMBROSO'S WORK.

A career of extraordinary mental activity, and of very marked influence on the currents of the time, has been brought to a close by the death of Professor Lombroso. Few men have done so much to stimulate interest, and call forth effort, in the study and handling of the problems of criminality; and if giving an impulse to inquiry is to be regarded as a cardinal service to progress, Lombroso is entitled to very high recognition. Restless energy in seeking new material to work upon and fearless readiness to promulgate whatever results his enthusiastic search for new truths seemed to furnish, formed a combination highly favorable to the effectiveness of such a propaganda as that with which Lombroso's name is associated; and it is a question upon which there will always be room for dispute whether the advancement of knowledge in matters having a human interest is more in need of such boldness and zeal as his to set things agog, or of that patient and thorough investigation, and that spirit of scientific rigor, which gain results more slowly, but with less admixture of error. The man of the Lombroso type becomes possessed with a general idea of which he is temperamentally incapable of seeing the limitations. His function thereafter is that of an insistent disturber of the peace, a man who compels others to give attention to what has been neglected in the past; and if he does this at the cost of disseminating a vast amount of inaccurate reasoning and exaggerated statement, it is for others to sift the good from the bad. In a domain of enormous complexity, he accepts a simple dogma upon inadequate evidence, and after that all individual facts are unhesitatingly interpreted in the light of that dogma. This is not science, as the modern man understands science; but it may be a powerful instrument for stirring up activity and bringing about improvement.

It is admitted on all sides that Lombroso's insistence on the part played in criminality by congenital physical attributes has strongly influenced both the theory of criminology and the practice of penal and reformatory institutions. It is even possible that, so far as the actual application of his principles has thus far gone, it has been productive of almost unmixed good. Practice is sure to lag behind theory, in such a matter; and as the practice of ages had erred so absolutely on the other side up to within two or three generations, there has been little danger in our time of excess in the direction of too great regard for the personal peculiarities or the inherited tendencies of prisoners in our penal institutions. But when it comes to the influence on general opinion, on the formation of that attitude toward the question of crime which, prevailing in one generation, is destined to be the basis of action in the next, the case is very different. If the habit were to become general of regarding criminals as a special type of the human race, and of placing the responsibility of criminal acts not upon the man who has committed them but upon his heredity and environment, there could not fail to result a gradual but steady undermining of the whole notion of personal responsibility for crime or immorality. And the danger of such a development is greatly increased by the widespread but entirely mistaken notion that the voice of Lombroso and his school is the voice of science. He and his followers—and his predecessors—have accumulated a vast aggregate of particular facts, and they have drawn emphatic attention to some aspects of those facts which had previously been insufficiently attended to; but they have established no broad scientific conclusion, they have undermined no great conviction previously entertained by thinking people in general.

Just where the line is to be drawn between absolutely unavoidable criminality and criminality that can be held in restraint by the operation of ordinary human motives is a matter for determination or discussion by persons who give their lives to the study of such subjects; for the every-day man it is sufficient to know that the cases are extremely few in which the criminal impulse is so deep-seated and imperative as to be utterly beyond the reach of what, for want of a better name, we call the will. With these extremely few cases he need not burden his thoughts, any more than he thinks of the albino

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as one of the important varieties of man, or of death by lightning as one of the ordinary incidents of life. Leaving out such extreme cases, the doctrine of Lombroso, however useful his insistence upon it may have proved in the ways that have been indicated, is really nothing new. We all know that one man differs inherently from another, according to the inheritance he gets in his blood; we all know that the abjectly poor and the excessively rich have less chance for the development of a normal moral character than those placed in a more wholesome situation. But we also know that the very moment any of us ceased to regard himself as subject to the standards to which the mass of our fellows is held, he would lose the mainstay of his whole moral being. No piling up of technical particulars can obscure this central fact, or so much as diminish its importance by an iota.

Not observation or dogmatic theorizing is wanted for the illumination of a fundamental truth like this; in so far as it is an explicit intellectual quality at all, as distinguished from what we call insight, or common sense, it is the faculty for sound logic. And in this faculty the representatives of the kind of scientific activity of which the work of Lombroso is an example have always been signally deficient. It is the kind that used to tell us that women's intellectual powers were scientifically proved to be less than men's by the simple fact that their brains weighed less; it is the kind that thinks to establish the identity of genius with insanity by simply picking out the curious peculiarities of many men of genius. Qualitatively, we have known all along that criminality was partly heredity, that genius was more or less abnormal; quantitatively, it is to be doubted whether Lombroso's work, valuable as it may have been in some aspects, has advanced these theses far beyond Dryden's "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," or that still older declaration that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

CHESTERTON ON SHAW.

The wicked red beard of Bernard Shaw is turning gray. He permits himself the thread-bare conventionality of evening dress. He is about to reap the golden harvest of his American celebrity by a lecturing tour. Finally, enters Mr. Chesterton with a biography prefaced by the following note, which is not without a touch of that Renaissance impudence of self-praise occasionally deprecated in Mr. Shaw: "Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him." All these things have a significant look—can old Caspar's work be done? "Who was Hall Caine?" asked Mr. Shaw, when, as a younger man, he was industriously knifing his way toward the limelight. It is still too early to found a reputation as a wit by asking, Who was Shaw? It would even be unjust to suggest that this tour and this biography look like an attempt at a Shaw "revival." For the "few years of immortality" which this puissant jester aspired to enjoy before going into the darkness with Shakespeare and other out-of-date writers are not yet at end. The time has come, however, when the insolent Shavian advertising no longer fills us with astonishment or dismay, or disables our judgment from a cool inspection of the wares advertised. The youthful Athenians who darted most impetuously after his novelties are already hankering for some new thing. The deep young souls who looked to him as an evangelist are beginning to see through him and despair, as they saw through the exquisite and inexplicable Maeterlinck, and despaired when he took to the motor-car. It is fortunate, therefore, that at this critical time the one man who has really understood Shaw has spoken out and told us what part of him is of the earth earthy and what part immortal.

Mr. Chesterton loves to give the devil his due. He looks upon the subject of his biography as a kind of high-minded, keenly intellectual, but misguided angel. At heart, he insists, Shaw mysteriously unites Irish saintliness with Puritan austerity and a deep passion for progress. He labors with only moderate success to prove that the man is fundamentally consistent, serious, and responsible. With much greater plausibility he praises him for having made philosophy popular and popular amusement philosophical. Philosophy here needs a word of qualification; it means in this connection the latest German, Russian, and Norwegian views of religion, politics, society, art, morals, property, and, in short, all discussable objects of thought. In the years when Shaw was earning his bread as dramatic critic he went to the theatre with an enormous and omnivorous appetite for new ideas. He saw there plays with more or less excellence of dramatic technique but devoid of intellectual stimulus. He went away empty and disgusted and determined to reform things. The first step in reform is destruction, and for that he had a splendid talent. When he had insulted managers and public into giving him a hearing, he made them look at their daily lives from several angles which they had never before visited. "Shocking absurdity!" exclaimed some. "Delightful originality!" exclaimed others. "Not at all," replied Shaw himself in his singularly candid and almost pathetic preface to the "Plays for Puritans," "I am a crow who have followed many ploughs. No doubt I seem prodigiously clever to those who have never hopped, *hungry and curious*, across the fields of philosophy, politics, and art." Nevertheless he had accomplished his purpose; he had set every one by the ears. He had demonstrated the possibility of interesting jaded play-goers by a frontal attack upon their sense without assaulting their senses or their sensibility. He had broken the polite and bored silence of society with a peal of Aristophanic laughter. It is infinitely better to laugh than to yawn, especially if, with Mr. Chesterton, you define a yawn as a "stifled yell."

But in Mr. Shaw's laughter there has been a certain inhuman quality which is already telling against him. He has exhibited an unearthly delight in laughing alone. One is forced to suspect that the driving power behind even his positive ideas is his fierce desire to be ahead of the crowd. Mr. Chesterton is very charitable on this point; he finds in Shaw a genuine temperamental inability to understand the vitality and validity of tradition and convention. Thus, "That Marx was not with him was important. That Man was not with him was an irrelevant prehistoric joke." This is the generosity of an enemy. Mr. Shaw formed the conviction that there could not be "two Shakespeares in one philosophic epoch." He therefore attempted, with the help of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Ibsen, and other dyspeptic aliens, to force upon the innocent English people a new philosophic epoch;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not because the new was better than the old, but because it was different; not because the English felt the need of being philosophical, but because Shaw felt the need of being Shakespeare. His love of intellectual adventure and his sheer lust to be first ally him less with the great dramatists and thinkers than with recent geographical explorers. In these days, the only undiscovered land lies in the uninhabitable regions around the poles. You may still figure in the headlines by reaching the South Pole. But you cannot plant colonies or found a new world there, because no one can live there. Mr. Shaw has been essentially a polar explorer. Having dashed through No Man's Land to the intellectual poles, he has cried to the rest of the world, "How funny you look down there!" And now the rest of the world, ably encouraged by Mr. Chesterton, is beginning to cry, "How funny you look up *there!*"

Mr. Chesterton's biography is not a joke. It is as serious as his life of Browning or his life of Dickens. Indeed, it is more serious: it is as serious as the "Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau" by Samuel Johnson, which, by the way, was never written, or as the "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley" by T. B. Macaulay, which was never written, either. That is to say, it presents in sharpest conflict two totally different ideals; it is the Shavian Superman against the Chestertonian Englishman. Mr. Shaw trusts in himself and his foreign allies, and appeals to the future. Mr. Chesterton relies upon the bulk of the English race, and appeals to the past. Mr. Shaw wishes to be as unlike everyone else as possible, and to bring literature around to himself. Mr. Chesterton wishes to be more like every one else than any one in his generation, and to restore English literature to its central traditions. He is thinking of Dickens and Johnson and Fielding and Dryden and Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. He is very weary of the Pre-Raphaelites, the Paterites, the followers of Wilde, the Nietzscheans, the Ibsenites, and all manner of æsthetic dandies, neoterics, and exotics—of whom he is obliged to regard Mr. Shaw as one. If he praises beer with an exaggerated emphasis, it is because they have praised absinthe, and beer is English; if he extols beef, it is because they have extolled caviare or vegetables, and beef is English; if he glorifies marriage, it is because they have attacked marriage, and marriage is English. If he has declared for romance, it is because Shaw has declared against it, and romance is English; if he has spoken for patriotism, it is because Shaw has spoken for cosmopolitanism, and patriotism is English; if he accepts God, it is because Shaw rejects God, and God is English. Shaw has drawn out the strength of Chesterton as the arch enemy drew out the strength of the angel Gabriel. Putting the case in American terms, it is fun to spend the Fourth of July with Shaw, but it is pleasanter to keep Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's with Chesterton.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

According to the published extracts of the will, the late Robert Hoe has instructed his executors to sell his library and art collections at auction, leaving it to their option whether the material be offered in New York, London, or Paris. While the French books, and possibly the manuscripts, might bring better prices abroad, it is generally believed that the early printed books, as well as the English and American books, would sell as well or better here. It is hardly probable that the collection will be offered in one continuous sale. That was the old way. For example, the catalogue of the great Roxburghe library said that the books would be sold "on Monday, 18th May, 1812, and the forty-one following days, Sundays excepted." Nowadays, with values so much enhanced, the catalogues are divided into different portions and sales are held several months apart.

No copy of that very rare Thackeray item "Flore et Zephyr" (1836), a small folio pamphlet consisting of eight plates slightly tinted enclosed in a cover, has been offered at auction in this country since the Augustin Daly sale in 1900, when two copies were disposed of—one, with the original drawing of one plate inserted, fetching $850; the other, with the plates cut around and mounted, bringing $420. This latter copy will be again offered as one of the attractive items in the library of the late Wilhelmus Mynderse, to be dispersed by the Anderson Auction Co. on October 28 and 29. The Thackeray collection comprises seventy-six lots, and is one of the most extensive ever offered here. The two college periodicals, the *Snob* (lacking four numbers) and the *Gownsman* (lacking Nos. 1 and 2), also from the Daly library (where they brought $115), are included, as well as "Vanity Fair" (1848) in parts, a fine set; "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841); "Comic Tales and Sketches" (1841); and "An Interesting Event" (1849). The Dickens collection is also extensive, including three copies of the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers" (1837), one being in parts; "Sketches by 'Boz,'" both series (1836-37); the Christmas Stories, 5 vols., first editions, in original cloth; and other items. Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," 2 vols. (1840); a set of Cruikshank's "Comic Almanacs," 19 vols. (1835-53); Fielding's "Tom Jones," first issue, 6 vols. (1749); Irving's "Sketch Book" (1819-20); Edward FitzGerald's copy of Goldsmith's "Life of Richard Nash" (1762); and first editions of Smollett, Scott, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Hawthorne, are other noteworthy lots.

Earlier in the week, on October 26 and 27, the same firm will sell the second part of the library of Collin Armstrong. In this portion are included some of the publications of the Kelmscott, Merrymount, and Roycroft Presses; collections of the first editions of Andrew Lang, William Morris, Stephen Phillips, Swinburne, and Charles Godfrey Leland; first editions of "The English Dance of Death" and "The Dance of Life," with other books illustrated by Rowlandson, etc.

On five days, October 25 to 29, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. will sell the second part of the library of Charles M. Wallace of Richmond, Va. Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina" (1754), with colored plates; Shelton's translation of "Don Quixote" (1620), the first edition in English; Humboldt's "Vues des Cordilleres" (1810), with colored plates; the first edition of the "Letters of Junius" (1772), and a collection of "Junius" literature, are notable items included in this part.

On October 27 and 28, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the libraries of Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, Mass., and C. E. Tuttle, of Rockland, Maine. The Halliwell-Phillipps Shakespeare, 16 vols., folio (1853-65); Roberts's "Holy Land" and "Egypt and Nubia" (1842-46); Jardine's "Naturalists' Library," 40 vols. (1834-38), with 1,242 colored plates; Sowerby's "English Botany" (1853-72), with upwards of 1,800 colored plates; Meyrick's "Inquiry into Ancient Armour," 5 vols. (1842-54); Surtees's Sporting Novels, 5 vols.; first editions of American and English Authors, and a series of Maine town histories and genealogies, are included.

Correspondence.

SCIENCE AND INAUGURATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial on "Science and Culture," in your issue of June 17, you conclude as follows: "If those masters (of scientific technique) themselves see this (that the heart of education is still the knowledge of men and not of things) our humanist need not shudder over Dartmouth choosing a physicist for president." I felt moved at the time to remark that in other countries this tendency to shudder is not experienced. Among the physicists who are, or have recently been, at the head of British Universities there occur to me Lord Kelvin, chancellor of the University of Glasgow; Lord Rayleigh, chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of the University of Birmingham; R. T. Glazebrook, successor to Lodge as principal of University College, Liverpool, and now head of the National Physical Laboratory; the late J. Viriamu Jones, principal of the University of Cardiff, and his successor, E. H. Griffiths, noted for their determinations of electrical and thermal constants, respectively; and Principal Loudon of the University of Toronto. But Dr. Nichols has now been inaugurated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

president of Dartmouth, with due pomp and dignity, and, apparently without a shudder. Dartmouth men, from the venerable ex-president to the youngest undergraduate, seem to be profoundly pleased and confident of the future. We may then leave this question for the present. I have lately attended three interesting inaugurations, which have given rise to some thoughts that are concealed in the following lines.

The inauguration of President Nichols, like that of President Lowell the week before, was a spectacle of great picturesqueness and imposing academic ceremony, worth going far to see, and never to be forgotten by the participants. Among the delegates from other colleges were upwards of a score of fellow physicists, who had come to show their loyalty and affection for their colleague. In the afternoon they were hospitably entertained in the laboratory, where those beautiful experiments on the pressure of light were made that had carried the names of Nichols and Hull to many a corner of Europe, where the name of Daniel Webster was unfamiliar. That the names of these delegates should have been, with singular unanimity, omitted from the press reports, is not to be laid to any snobbishness on the part of the press, which had room only for the names of presidents of universities, but is merely a symptom of the attitude of the public to the president and the professor respectively. In the eyes of the public, the professor, on becoming a president, is endowed with marvellous learning, and is an authority on all possible disputed subjects, from the spelling of a word to the settlement of labor disputes. He is an "educator"—the terms *savant* or *Gelehrter* not being needed in the English (or American) language, for these indicate a producer of learning, a notion which is still somewhat foreign, and under suspicion. To the public the president is the outward and visible sign of the university, he is the coal, the gasolene, the steam, the boiler, the engine, the dynamo, the light, the power. He setteth up and he putteth down. He furnishes policies, and he puts them through. He is the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. Is he—and, if so, why? European observers of our university conditions with one accord ask this question. Prof. Angelo Mosso, in his book, "La Democrazia nella Religione e nella Scienza," says:

In Italy we are true republicans in the matter of instruction, for the professors vote for the choice of the rector, and the liberty of teaching is so great that the state pays republican and socialistic professors, who openly carry on propaganda against the institutions and the form of government wished by the majority. In America no one understands that this might be possible. The universities are under the despotic power of a president who has unlimited powers, appointing and deposing at will professors, who do not constitute, as with us, a corporation of learned men jealously protected by law. At first sight it seems a paradox to say that where liberty is greatest there tyranny is greatest, but really it is so.

The papers have commented on the fact that President Nichols, in his inaugural, did not announce a new policy. Why should he? Dartmouth seems to be getting on very well as she is. Dartmouth men seem to be enthusiastic and united, and to possess the traditions of democracy. I saw no automobiles in Hanover belonging to students. It is proverbial that "honesty is the best policy," and this we have had in the inaugurals of Presidents Nichols, Lowell, and Maclaurin. All have admitted that student conditions are not at present ideal, and all have expressed optimisim as to their becoming so. All favor general culture, which Maclaurin at least says cannot exist to-day without some acquaintance with science, while the others go nearly as far. What steps seem necessary to be taken is pointed out clearly by Dr. Lowell, and the theory so long prevalent at Cambridge, that equal volumes have equal weights, or that everything is as good as everything else, seems to have received a severe blow.

As I began with science, so let me end. What the colleges think of the claims of science may perhaps be inferred from a study of their honorary degrees. At Harvard, if my memory serves me, out of about thirty honorary degrees five were given to American scientists and seven to foreigners. Of college presidents degrees were given to about six. I am told that an effort is to be made to raise the value of the degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Letters, and that the degree of Doctor of Laws is to be kept for distinguished public servants, and for college presidents. At any rate, this seems to be the plan at Dartmouth. Sixteen purple hoods were bestowed with this most honorable degree *ex-officio* on presidents of colleges, while one doctorate of science was conferred on a president who was also a scientist. An Englishman present called my attention to the different character of the degrees from those conferred at a Cambridge or Oxford convocation, where the *ex-officio* degree is usually absent. It may be questioned how much good these degrees do which presidents pass around to each other. I was told that one of them had upwards of one hundred, and used a card catalogue to keep track of his hoods. Into this purple curia or academy let no geometer enter. The scientists must be satisfied with the more modest yellow.

Is there any way to encourage men to go into science, or is there any place in this country for pure science? Science is, like virtue, its own reward. The scientist can obtain neither money, headlines, nor velvet hoods. Unless, indeed, he take out patents enough, when he can obtain all three. In France they do these things differently. At President Lowell's dinner, when Prof. Joseph Bédier was called upon he immediately launched into a panegyric of the Collège de France, recalling the names of the great men who were among its founders. Of these I recall those of Ampère, Regnault, Foucault, and Champollion. Perhaps we should have more such names if we earnestly desired them. I remember seeing upon the walls of the lecture room in the École Polytechnique the motto "Pour la patrie, la science, et la gloire." Surely an inspiring phrase for the young Frenchman, not as good, perhaps, as the motto "Veritas," but more concrete. We are told now at every breath that the watchword of the educated man must be "service." True enough. Did not Newton serve England when he invented fluxions and discovered the law of gravitation? And yet I suspect he was not thinking of that, but did it because he could not help it. A student once told me that he thought it was foolish to be always talking about cultivating science for the good of the world. "The reason we do it," said he, "is for the fun we get." I suspect he was right. On the title page of the works of one of the greatest living physicists are the words: "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." That we may have this pleasure, and that we may share it with generous youth, is the chief desire of the scientist.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., October 17.

A NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL LECTURESHIP.

[To-day Mr. James Loeb, formerly of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, New York, endows the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial lectureship in the Archæological Institute of America. Previous gifts by Mr. Loeb have made it possible to secure several foreign scholars of note as lecturers for the institute; the new foundation will provide an income which will be expended in accordance with the terms of the letter to the president of the institution accompanying the gift. This letter, which outlines a type of endowment likely to be productive of lasting benefit, and expresses at the same time an appreciation of Professor Norton's services to art, we are permitted to print in full. —ED. THE NATION.]

Professor Francis W. Kelsey,
President of the Archæological Institute of America, Ann Arbor,

My dear Sir: I take pleasure in informing you that I have instructed my secretary to pay over to the treasurer of the Archæological Institute of America on October 21 $20,000 of the 5 per cent. bonds of the United States Steel Company for the endowment of the "Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lecture Fund."

The annual income of $1,000 is to be paid as an honorarium to one or more distinglished archæologists for a course of lectures to be delivered before the affiliated societies of the institute. In choosing the lecturers preference is to be given to European scholars, but in the discretion of the council invitations may also be extended to American scholars.

The experience of past years has amply demonstrated that a constantly growing public eagerly avails itself of the opportunity which these lectures afford to keep abreast of the latest researches of a science which is constantly increasing our respect for the achievements of antiquity. I deem it a privilege to endow the institute with a fund that will enable it, for all time, to help, not only its members, but also the general public, to enjoy the fruits of future archæological discovery.

October 21 marks the first anniversary of the universally regretted death of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, and this day seems peculiarly appropriate for the creation of the endowment. He was the real father of the Archæological Institute of America. Thirty years ago he had the satisfaction of seeing the idea which he had long and enthusiastically fostered in the minds of a small company of scholars, take concrete form in the estab-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishment of the institute, whose services to learning have amply justified his eager hopes. It is fair to say that one of the most far-reaching of these services lies in the opportunity given to a selected body of young students to inspire themselves at the actual sources of ancient culture. Our universities lose no time in appointing these young men, and their teaching is giving new life and vitality to an important branch of learning.

Two generations of Harvard students were privileged to hear from Professor Norton's inspiring lips what "man's sacrifice to beauty," as Mr. Henry James has well called man's artistic effort, has done for the uplifting of the race. To them the establishment of the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lecture Fund will, I hope, be a welcome event. To that larger circle who knew and valued Mr. Norton for his fearless devotion to his country, for the delightful essays and scholarly public addresses which marked the stages of a long and singularly distinguished life to the pursuit of *res humaniores*, it may serve as a token of the devotion and admiration of one of his pupils.

Yours faithfully, JAMES LOEB.

Villa Waldfried, Murnau a/Staffelsee, September 8, 1909.

ENGLISH AND CLASSIC VERBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The September *Harper's* contains an interesting article by Mr. J. C. Fernald on "The Simplicity of English," in the course of which occur the following words:

> The Greek verb has 1,138 parts, which the simpler Latin was able to reduce to no less than 444. Here the English language has broken all precedent. The most complicated English verb, the verb *be*, has but eight different forms, *be, am, is, are, was were, being, been.* The verb *be* is alone in this proud distinction. No other irregular verb has more than five changes of form; as, *give, gave, gives, giving, given.* A regular verb has but four changes of form; as, *love, loved, loves, loving;* and out of at least 8,000 verbs in the English language, all except a little list of 200 are regular.

There are several remarkable things in this statement. First, we rub our eyes to see whether we have read aright. Only eight different forms? Where are the forms *art, wast, wert?* And why are *givest, giveth, gavest* omitted? And *lovest, loveth, lovedst?*

Again, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Fernald obtained his number 1,138 for the parts of the Greek verb. By assuming that some one theoretical verb could at the same time be in both the conjugations and exhibit all possible variations of pure, mute, and liquid verbs in all possible tenses, and by counting all duplicate forms, that number might be arrived at—possibly might be exceeded. But 507 is the number given by Curtius, "Das griechische Verbum," edition of 1877, page 5. This makes forms enough, in all conscience: Curtius calls this "Fülle" "eine erstaunlich grosse" (p. 3), and carefully gives his method of computation. He omits what he considers to be real duplicates, but he counts λύω twice, λύσω twice, and ἔλυον twice. In his enumeration of the forms of the Latin verb he gives 443, only one less than Mr. Fernald's number. I do not know the method of counting in this instance. *E. g.*, the series *es, et, emus, etis, ent* meets the learner of the Latin verb in three conjugations, in two different tenses and two different moods. Are these counted as 5 or as 15? A good illustration of the wide variation between truthful answers to the same question would be afforded in answering this: "How many forms does a boy have to learn in order to inflect a Latin adjective of the first and second declensions?" One person thinks (taking *bonus* as his model): "three genders, six cases, two numbers; 3x6x2=36." Another one reflects that *bona* and *bonis* each occur six times; that *bonum, boni, bonæ*, and *bono* are each found four times, and *bonorum* twice; so he replies "thirteen different forms," deducting nearly 64 per cent. of the other answer.

But when it comes to the method of expressing one's meaning by inflections, have not most of us felt that while we were about it we had rather learn more forms instead of fewer, in order to be sure of what we were saying? When the *Nation* itself was a boy, I dare say it (or "he") would rather have learned a separate set of forms for each of the three series *es, et*, etc., mentioned above, than to be obliged to determine whether it was dealing with a present or future indicative, or with a present subjunctive.

Nor is the English verb itself as easy as one might think, judging merely by the paucity of simple forms. The foreigner has to learn a double set of tenses for many verbs, and if the sentence is negative or interrogative, there is still a third mode of expression, which may have to be used. "Jack writes home once a week." "Jack is writing; don't bother him." "Jack is not writing." "Jack does not write often enough." "Is Jack writing now?" "Does Jack write home often?" In Latin and Greek *scribit* and γράφει serve for all of the variations. The foreigner may say: "I am believing both Cook and Peary," and then wonder why "am believing" will not work as well as "am receiving."

To go back to the Greek verb for a moment, its mass of forms may easily be made much less formidable than would appear at first sight. Thus Curtius counts 70 forms for the future, active and middle. Does a boy have to learn 70 new forms? Not a bit of it. He learns that an inserted sigma was the future sign; this one fact gives him all of the 70 forms instantly, the present tense, of course, being already known. And if we insert before the sigma of the future middle the syllable θη we have the future passive without more ado, which disposes of 35 more of Curtius's forms so that the learning of two facts gives a knowledge of 105 forms. I have often seen beginners look with dismay at the columns of contracted verbs, as if it were all entirely new material. But tell them that three "rules" (or statements) will show them how to get all the shortened forms of φιλέω, and three (it would be two except for the omission of iota in τιμᾷ) will serve for τιμάω, and the feeling of dismay is apt to vanish.

To close with a sigh: Just suppose our simple English had a phonetic system of pronunciation! ADDISON HOGUE.

Lexington, Va., October 12.

CHAUCER SPEAKS.

SIR: I have recently noticed what seems to be another of the rare cases in the "Canterbury Tales" in which Chaucer apparently forgets for the moment the supposed narrator of the story and speaks in his own person. It is in "The Squire's Tale" (F. 278-82), in the description of the dancing which follows the banquet of Cambinskan. The lines are:

> Heer is the revel and the jolitee
> That is nat able a dul man to devyse,
> He moste han knowen love and his servyse,
> And been a festlich man as fresh as May,
> That sholde yow devysen swich array.

It may be urged that the modesty of the squire leads him to speak thus, but, however this explanation might account for the "dull," it would scarcely do so for the third and fourth lines. In the "Prologue" we read of the squire:

> Singinge he was, or floytinge al the day;
> He was as fresh as is the month of May . . .
> So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
> He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.

It seems singular that Chaucer should make the squire excuse himself because of his ignorance of the very things about which he obviously knew the most. On the other hand, Chaucer, "hore and rounde of shape," who often pleads his dulness, might very naturally speak in this way of himself.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

University of Rochester, October 4.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice among the entirely merited corrections of Miss Frank's translation of Sudermann's "Rosen" one slip of your reviewer. The translation (*Nation*, No. 2311, p. 364) of "unverwandt" should be "steadily" not "unawares." W. A. COLWELL.

Spartanburg, S. C., October 15.

Literature.

A NATION MAKER.

Sir George Grey, Governor and High Commissioner. By James Collier. (Makers of Australia Series). Christchurch, Wellington, and Dunedin, New Zealand: Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

Seventeen years since, September 8, 1892, we reviewed Rees's "Life of Sir George Grey," virtually an autobiography, touched up here and there by the hand of an ardent admirer and coworker. Since then other lives of Grey have appeared, notably this one by Mr. Collier, who, though an admirer is at the same time often sharply critical Grey has passed to his account: the Boer war, the federation of Australia, and at this moment of South Africa, have taken place, events with which his career stands in close relation. America, moreover, has taken on the character of suzerain and patron of "backward races" in the South Pacific. For the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole Anglo-Saxon world, the story of this pioneer, "head and shoulders above all other colonial governors," as Mr. Collier asserts, has acquired new significance; his course was fraught with great successes, and also with mistakes. Both have important lessons for English and Americans, struggling in the difficult path, where he broke the way. We may appropriately consider him again.

Sir George Grey was allied (to understand him we must take into account his blood) with a famous English family. In him, however, there was a strong Irish infusion, and from his mother, a Vignolles, he derived a Huguenot strain. He was, moreover, not a native of England, being born in Lisbon, in 1812, shortly after his father, at the head of the Thirty-third Regiment, had been killed at Badajoz. Almost of course he became a soldier, but arms for the moment being silent, the laws prevailed with him, and he entered upon a great work of political development and administration, the preface to which was a bold exploring of western Australia. He was governor of South Australia, twice governor-general of New Zealand, and twice high commissioner in South Africa, involved as was no other man in the upbuilding and ordering of the vast English speaking societies of the South Seas. The account is full of thrilling and picturesque incidents, for which we must refer the reader to Mr. Collier's excellent book, confining ourselves to a description of some of Sir George Grey's policies. In projecting and carrying out these, he shows himself to be a wise and indefatigable statesman, though fallible, and a man before his time.

First, his dealing with savage races is a thing worthy of our study. Probably no other administrator has had to do with savage masses so numerous and varied—the Australian type, the Maoris of New Zealand, Kaffirs, Zulus, Hottentots in South Africa. A spirit of kindness and justice pervades his policy here from first to last. That "occupancy" merely, the roving over land by hunters without attempt to till or improve, constitutes for a wild tribe valid title to soil, is a doctrine held in small respect by Anglo-Saxon men. Dispossession has been ruthless; or if now and then a conscience has been sensitive, it has been easily quieted; a few bales of blankets, or cases of cheap trinkets, or casks of fire-water, have in numerous instances transferred to white newcomers areas that now have become States, and there has been no compunction. Not so with Grey. In his view the barbarian had a right to his habitat, though peopled only sparsely, and utilized only for the chase; it could not be justly taken from him without the return of an equivalent fully adequate, and an obligation was always recognized that a hand should be lent to the backward race that it might rise in the scale. Here Grey was charged with extravagance. The colonists did not agree with him, and even a man like Earl Grey, a foremost English statesman, disapproved, declaring that mere "occupancy" gave no valid title, and to assert otherwise was quixotic. Extravagant, too, most men will think, were Sir George Grey's ideas as to amalgamation. It was perhaps the Frenchman in him, always more prone to alien interminglings than the Anglo-Saxon, which led him to look with favor upon a blending of the English, especially with the Maoris, a race wild, indeed, but of peculiar aptitudes and promise. The blending has not come; probably in the nature of things such a blending never could come about. Here, as in various other ways, Grey was impracticable. Whatever his mistakes and fatuities, it remains that no other administrator has more endeared to himself the hearts of backward races, or managed them more effectively for their own good and the peace of the world.

In Australia, the response to the young governor's cherishing from tribes unusually debased was feeble. Far otherwise in New Zealand. Though Grey would always be master, enforcing his authority upon occasion by soldier's methods, his policy with the Maoris was that of a sympathetic friend and protector. He sought them in their huts, learned their language, studied deeply their traditions, stood between them and the land-grabber, schooled them, insisted upon their legislative representation, and though his scheme for amalgamation was futile, strove for a society in which the two races might amicably exist together. Good-will and confidence came in return from the capable and intelligent race, who, to this day, almost remember no other governor than Grey. In South Africa, too, the blacks were marvellously tamed, and brought forward by the governor's strict justice and kind, tactful discipline. A notable instance of his extraordinary control over them occurred during the Indian Mutiny. Recognizing the danger he stripped his own colony of soldiers and arms, and drew heavily on its resources, to reinforce, in time, the English struggling in Bengal. He believed that he saved India to the English, a claim which Mr. Collier thinks arrogant. At all events, the service was very great. But what we wish to note especially here is his curiously quixotic, dare-devil way of dealing with the natives in the emergency. He had just been at war with them; but confident in their complete submission, brought about no more by force than by kindness and justice, he visited each important chief, telling him frankly what had been done, that England was in a perilous crisis, that the colony was quite bare of defenders, and he relied upon the chiefs to observe in the strait the strict terms of peace. The policy was brilliantly successful. While those who knew of the governor's action trembled lest their late enemies might seize the opportunity to wipe out the colony, not a chief made trouble. All stood steadfast in their friendship, the dependency usually so turbulent was as quiet as England itself, while its fighting men were arrayed in distant Hindustan.

In the second place, Sir George Grey's dealings with his own people, the white colonizers of the new lands he was set to govern, were no less interesting than his dealings with the browns and blacks. In his youth in England he had been profoundly moved at the condition of the masses, and he undertook the exploration of western Australia especially in the hope of laying open regions into which might be poured the thousands who had neither room nor opportunity at home. He had always the welfare of the humbler classes in view in all his various fields; and when the rich and high-placed tried to establish land monopolies, the result of which would have been a feudal condition, a few rich proprietors on one side, a multitude of dependent tenants upon the other; or when ecclesiastical bodies unwisely projected a theocracy in which, while natives and immigrants stood in docile tutelage, a hierarchy was to control and direct, Grey withstood both priests and monopolists, however powerful, however well-intentioned in their mistaken zeal. His ideal was to constitute societies made up of modest homes—each settler with one vote in Anglo-Saxon fashion sending representatives to a central legislature, the heads of the polity to be magistrates with power derived from the suffrages of the freemen like themselves, whose interests they were set temporarily to administer.

Without dwelling upon the details of his interesting struggles here, we pass to the consideration, in the third place, of Sir George Grey's relations with the government at home, from which he derived his authority, and to which he was always held responsible. While the Colonial Office usually sustained him, and sent him repeatedly to deal with dangerous, sometimes desperate, situations, he was never thoroughly approved, and was sometimes discountenanced and condemned with wrath and disgust. We have space to describe only one of his high-handed proceedings, which was widely felt in England to threaten no less than the integrity of the British Empire. South Africa, it will be recalled, with a white population of Dutch, was taken from Holland and assigned to England as a colony by the Holy Alliance, in 1815.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the fifties of the nineteenth century its main divisions were Cape Colony, in which the Dutch element outnumbered the English, and the Orange Free State and Transvaal, almost entirely Dutch. Natal had at that time attained no great significance. Grey, set to rule here as high commissioner, found a land in which allegiance to England was naturally weak, fighting for existence with warlike Kaffirs and Zulus. To his pacification of the savages we have already referred. To content the colonists, he projected a remarkable plan. He was always proud of his own Huguenot descent, and kept it to the fore. This made him *persona grata* with the Dutch, among whom there was a large Huguenot infusion. Their good will he reciprocated, and he had much sympathy with their grievances. His project for South Africa was a confederation, in which, while the speaking of English was to be encouraged, Dutch must necessarily be the dominant language in legislature, society, and schools. The tie binding South Africa to England was, in fact, to be greatly attenuated: a population prevailingly Dutch was to receive a large measure of independence; a state set up in which the tongue, traditions, and allegiance had their root rather in Holland than in England. Downing Street found the scheme high-handed and intolerable to the point of treason. Grey was temporarily disgraced; yet, if his plan had been carried out, it would have saved England the humiliation of the Boer war, and from the point of view of world statesmanship, it would have been a happy consummation. At the present hour South Africa is confederating along lines which, except that he would have guarded more carefully the rights of the native races, are in the main the lines laid down by Sir George Grey—an impressive vindication of his breadth and wisdom.

Grey's proconsular career closed in 1867, after which he continued to figure, nevertheless, in England and in the South Pacific. His election to Parliament was thwarted by Gladstone, who thought dangerous his advocacy of Irish Home Rule, a policy which he did not himself adopt till some years later. Had he reached a seat in Parliament, his force and eloquence would have made him a power among the Liberals. In private, his influence was great with the leaders of church and state, as well as the masses, and exerted for human betterment. In New Zealand, he was active in subordinate stations, serving as representative, like John Quincy Adams, in the land he had once ruled as chief. As a delegate to the confederation of Australia, in 1891, he favored a course which was heavily disapproved. In several ways, it was radical, most so in advocating as head of the Federation, not a crowd-appointed governor, but a magistrate elected by the people, thereby almost sundering the last tie between mother-country and dependency. Mr. Collier does not mention it, but we believe it a matter of record that Sir George Grey dreamed of a much wider confederation—of English-speaking men, namely—and was quite ready to yield the primacy in such a bond to the United States, first by virtue of resources, numbers, and character.

Mr. Collier is nearly as often a drastic critic of his subject as he is a eulogist. He asserts Grey to have been arrogant, vindictive, disposed to claim credit which did not belong to him, and a falsifier of history through strange hallucination as to what he had really done; nevertheless, he finds him brave, nobly altruistic, brilliantly sagacious, of unflagging energy. He was a cosmopolite rather than a patriot, a world-statesman not to be pent within a circumscription as broad even as the British Empire. He was insubordinate almost to the point of rebellion; but in many ways the world came round to him, and it was held fitting at his death in 1898 to accord him a sepulchre in St. Paul's, close to Nelson and Wellington.

He was an Achilles, held by the heel when he was dipped and the hand that held him was very broad; he was very open to the arrow of the fault-finder—but an Achilles, nevertheless, the foremost champion in the wide and windy arena in which he played his part. Says Carlyle: "He was born of the Tetragonidæ, built four-square, solid as one fitted to strongly meet the winds of heaven and the waves of fate." To this it may be added that his character was marked no more by strength than by justice and humanity.

CURRENT FICTION.

La Catedral. Por Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Valencia: F. Sempere y Ca.

The Shadow of the Cathedral. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Judging by the pages we have compared, Mrs. Gillespie's translation is reasonably adequate, though neither inspired nor free from blunders. Her rendering of *pordioseros* as "God's creatures" is not happy. "For-God's-sakers" would be better, if any word but "beggars" had to be sought at all. In one relief of the Toledo cathedral the translator professes to have found a figure of the Virgin "robed in the habit of St. Ildefonso." This would certainly be so great a curiosity that surprise alone should have led to a more narrow scrutiny of the text. It reads, "vistiendo una casulla á San Ildefonso," that is, "investing St. Ildefonso with a chasuble." It is to be hoped that not many slips in the book are so bad as that.

The novel itself is put into English dress at a time when its themes are even more to the fore in Spain than when the author wrote of them. For be it understood that we have here no ordinary *novela de costumbres* or romance, but a tract for the times. Señor Ibáñez chose the narrative form simply as a vehicle for the bold discussion of ideas which are fermenting in the Peninsula. In the person of Gabriel Luna, a species of combined atheist and philosophical anarchist, returning to his old home in Toledo to die of consumption, we have the protagonist of the plotless drama. Wide wanderings and deep reflection have given him a rooted distrust of the dominant principles in modern Spanish civilization, and in long discourses to friends and relatives he pours out his heart about the church and the army, education and politics, social organization, industry, Spain's past and future. Considered as a story, it must all be voted tedious. Too often does the reader find it recorded that "Gabriel habló largo rato." His monologues are frequent and wearying. Yet one sees a marked and significant *Tendenz* running through the rather poor imitation of a story. That is why this work of Señor Ibáñez's has had so great a vogue in Spain; and why, just at this juncture, it might well serve as a guide to the kind of intellectual and moral upheaval now going on in that country. With the greatest frankness the large topics of religion and government are debated in these pages; and one cannot help feeling that the recent terrible events in Barcelona, and elsewhere in Spain, have come as a sort of confirmation of many of the views here expressed in the name of Gabriel Luna.

The Faith of His Fathers. By A. E. Jacomb. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Among the multitudinous forms of the modern novel, there is one which, with a kind of dreary ardor, sets itself the task of studying some particular human character or situation of a kind both typical and humdrum. Its object is not to inspire a high pity or terror, but rather to put us in absolute possession of certain definite facts which, dingy enough on the surface, may or may not turn out to possess some hidden lustre of meaning. It is an exhibit, a "human document," presented in the true modern spirit of accumulation. To this class, a hasty reader might be inclined to ascribe "The Faith of His Fathers."

Its field of vision is at first glance narrow and flat enough—a middle-class nonconformist household in a dingy English small town. We seem to have beheld and heard it all before: the bigoted father the patient yielding mother, the rebellious son and daughter, the crisis which sets one generation against the other,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the final parting of their ways. The present treatment seems rather careful than emphatic. We see that these people and this developing situation are authentic, but no particular reason offers itself for our pretending interest in them. The stern faith of the father and the revolt of the son are alike untouched with charm. The son is, indeed, barren of grace to the end; but the father is gradually perceived as a figure of deep pathos, almost of tragedy. The absolute sincerity of his grim Puritanism reveals itself as untouched by petty vanity or self-will. Fidelity to his creed has prescribed for him a course of action inhuman to any mind not bound by the tenets of his own sect. But he is not inhuman, he accepts the crucifying of his natural affections in the martyr spirit. His fate is to make himself an object of pity and contempt to his children, to lose his place of usefulness in the world, and finally to incur the bitter hatred of the wife of his youth. Yet at the end of it all, one cannot imagine a different course of action for him, or a different fate. His is the mistaken martyrdom of the fanatic, not the *débâcle* of the weakling or the brute. The skill with which the dignity of the Puritan character is cumulatively impressed upon the reader marks this story, with all its dreariness, as a sincere and fruitful piece of interpretation.

The Man of Destiny. By Thomas Gold Frost. New York: Gramercy Publishing Co.

The civil war chieftain is not a new apparition in American fiction, but he has yet to win second immortality there. Why is it that the voices of our story-tellers grow strained and self-conscious the moment they undertake to sing the glories of a patriotic past? Why is it that the great personalities they attempt to reconstruct for us turn out such manikins? The greater the historic figure, the greater the difficulty of the fanciful chronicler. It is, in fact, we suppose, an easier task for the creative imagination to build a creature new than to illumine and project before one's very eyes a being who has undergone actual fleshly birth and dissolution. The Washington or Lincoln of the novelist too often bears grewsome resemblance to those "controls" of spiritism, who, vaunting great names, turn out to be after all such trifling fellows. No doubt there is a similar barrier to be surmounted. One is dealing here also with the creatures of two worlds, of two different sorts of reality. At their most coherent, these spooks and shadows are least impressive. The dust of Alexander is more respectably employed in stopping a bunghole than his spirit as pilloried by a Mrs. Piper, or dragged babbling through the pages of an historical romance.

We mean no serious personal reflection upon the author of the present fiction. He has a love for his theme, and he means well by it. He has written out of a commendable enthusiasm for a great figure of our near past. Why, with his minute attention to the fact, he chooses to call Grant "Burton" is not clear. If the chronicler left any doubt as to his hero's identity, the illustrator would settle it. The change of name ha left the narrator free to provide dialogue, letters, and, above all, a "love interest" departing widely from the facts of Grant's life and character as stern history knows them. Nevertheless, the prefatory assertion that this is "primarily a work of fiction" is at least open to doubt. The author evidently did not know quite what he intended it to be "primarily." Eventually, it is an odd mixture of fact, fiction, and panegyric.

Pa Flickinger's Folks. By Bessie R. Hoover. New York: Harper & Bros.

Every one knows them, either in real life or in the magazines, whence they now come forth with additions, making a complete family circle. They live in a city on the shores of Lake Michigan and are the plainest of plain people—fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, babies single and in twinship; the common North American busy at common duties and diverted with democratic pleasures. The rudely candid American tongue holds a sway practically unbounded till the family's softer graces are brought to light by the alliance of Bill Flickinger with Sophie Budzbanowsky, "Catholic Pole," whose gentle counsels bring into harmony the turbulent Flickinger currents. The family hopes, fears, merrymakings, and misadventures brawl along in a channel of noisy humor, comic, cheerful, and clean.

AN ITALIAN NIETZSCHE.

On the Tracks of Life: The Immorality of Morality. Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

Since Christ divided all mankind into sheep and goats, there has been no partition of society quite so simple as that of Signor Sera. For him all men are either aristocrats or workers or transitional—impure—types between the two. The aristocrat is born with an instinct for leadership and self-assertion. In sport, war, and love he spends himself extravagantly. He declines to be bound by the morals that the timid majority regard as necessary for their preservation. Requiring abundant leisure for the growth of his peculiar potencies, he is a parasite, living by the work of other men, upon whom he imposes himself by his superior readiness and force. Women yield gladly to his ardor. Indeed, an imperative and conquering sexuality is the symptom—or possibly the cause: the author is not altogether clear on this point—of his aristocratic prerogative. In conclusion, he rejects bounds except as they are dictated by his own instinct; and his ruling character is that of a splendid and efficient animalism. It is the southern temperament at its highest power.

The worker is, naturally, the antithesis of all this. Work is the great moral and physical depressant. Society requires of the natural man—who, presumably, was an inchoate aristocrat—the sacrifice of individual passions and ambitions. Thus by a steady depressant policy society forms the dutiful, self-sacrificing worker. In the process his egotisms, and particularly his sexuality, are attenuated. As he sacrifices initiative, egotism, all that means individual potency, he acquires social merits. He is fit to produce and save against the need of the great consuming and spending class of aristocrats. The worker is northern in temperament: cautious, tender, meditative.

Here surely is simplicity. If it be asked, Is there no intermediate class? the answer is, Only transitionally and in appearance. When the worker arrives at full consciousness of his subject condition, he will, if his intelligence suffices, try to better it. He will play cleverly within the prescribed bounds, or he will break them, in which case he is on the way to aristocracy. Again, when the aristocrat loses his potency, he loses his reality. Italy, in Signor Sera's opinion, has no real aristocracy to-day, the nobility being impotent. As for the artist, the genius, he is the purest sublimation of the aristocratic temperament. The working class, on the contrary, abounds at the top in merely clever, or elegiac men of talent.

A society, a nation, at any given stage, is merely an equilibrium struck in the eternal strife between worker and aristocrat. Nations lacking leaders simply lie fallow. The storehouses are being filled for future enterprise—for the use of leaders to come. Such nations, we say, have no history. Germany for centuries has been in this preparatory state of study and conservation. The national temperament, at the top, at least, is becoming aggressive, egotistic, sensual; the dawn of leadership is discernible. England has used up her aristocrats and a period of decline is at hand. History is merely a record of these balances between saving and spending. National success implies the aristocrat fully in control, but supported by the accumulated knowledge and wealth of generations of workers; and such a condition is unstable. The aristocrat spends too much of himself or the social store, the worker rebels, the leaderless nation lapses into social morality—and insig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nificance. The ideal equilibrium was reached just once and for a brief time in Greece. As if to illustrate concretely the sensuousness of the aristocrat, an essay on Henri Beyle's amorous life is added, and by way of proper acknowledgment of inspiration, a paper on Nietzsche.

We have epitomized this argument fully and objectively because it offers a clear-cut picture of the world—a picture that to readers of Brantôme and the tracts of Machiavelli will even seem to have an historical verisimilitude. The potent aristocrat, the shifty or sheerly imbruted worker, have existed and do exist. The question is whether they exist in the purity of type, or in the preponderating influence, assumed by Signor Sera. Let us recall that his book is intended to be merely descriptive and analytical. He treats, as he often declares, the world as it is. His book is to be taken as a reasoned catalogue of human nature. Taken as such, its classifications appear to us brilliant, specious and superficial.

The magnificent animal which he imagines the aristocrat to be, seems to us a pure figment. To realize him intellectually required all the genius of a Nietzsche. In history, the leader has appeared from time to time. Even so, he has rarely been quite true to type, and never frequent enough to constitute what Signor Sera posits: a special species within the genus *homo*. For example, the depressant qualities of pity, moderation, altruism, and intellectualism have been present and even prominent in most of the actual leaders known to history. As to sexuality, while it is obvious that any powerful person will gratify his passions more boldly, it is doubtful whether the aristocrat is especially favored in this regard. Every class of society from top to bottom produces its Lovelaces. Signor Sera could find his sexual conquerors as readily in the stable as in the palace. So far is sexuality from being an index of general superiority that very inferior men will exercise an extraordinary adroitness and forcefulness in the pursuit of their pleasures. Is the village Don Juan an aristocrat after all?

The notion of the aristocrat seems to us, in fine, purely fictitious: a clever but obviously invalid generalization from such exceptional cases as Antony, Attila, Cæsar Borgia, the Marquis de Sade, perhaps. We have to do not with a kind of race within mankind, but either with sheer abnormalities, or with men simply a degree stronger, wiser, and more audacious than their humbler fellows. The term aristocrat—though alluring when the most imbruted sort of worker is cited by way of contrast, seems to us entirely without physiological or psychological significance. There is a good literary reason for cherishing this type. To assert that it moves the world is quite another matter.

Equally exaggerated we find the insistence upon the depressing effect of work and upon workers as a category to include the greater part of mankind. That work is a depressant, in many cases may freely be admitted. The coal fields, for example, tell that story only too well. But in whole classes of the community work not only produces value to society, which Signor Sera regards as a unique function, but enhances the value of the individual. The improved *morale* brought about by military and naval drill is thoroughly understood. It would be difficult to show that surveyors, engineers, drivers of horses, navigators of vessels, builders, or, indeed, professional men or fine craftsmen, are belittled by their work.

In fact, Signor Sera's notion of a quite untrammelled personality seems to us highly sentimental and unscientific. It is as if a changeling from Rousseau's loins had been foisted upon Friedrich Nietzsche. There has been no time when this superb unconditioned animal has constituted a ruling class. There have been the crazy Cæsars and the degenerate Bourbons, but no wise publicist will base his system upon them. No, from palace to hovel we are none of us free—society imposes bonds upon us and our class; our inner selves devise even more cunning trammels. Least of all has the aristocrat of history been free. Bound by complex codes of honor, by hereditary duties, by all the manifold obligations of nobility, his lot has been cramped, as compared, say, with that of his own clerk, or his shifty money-lender. So well did a better thinker, Nietzsche, perceive this, that he set himself to creating, not a ruling class, but a few portentous Supermen, to secure which he clearly saw that pity must first be annihilated. The fatal weakness of Signor Sera's argument is that, without exception, the major premises are not proved but assumed.

We have given more attention than it quite deserves to this sprightly book. Even under the veil of a translation that abounds in such barbarisms as "glottology" and "involucre," it is pungent, stimulating, and, to a plodding reader, disquieting. It presents a picturesque and suggestive, if hardly novel, notion of the rise and fall of nations. It puts into modern garb the old scarecrows of Machiavelli and Hobbes, and strips Nietzsche of most of his poetry, hence of his difficulty. We are willing to believe that Signor Sera is honestly fascinated by his own paradoxes. We can only say that his mirror of the world simplifies a complex image out of all familiarity. But his theses are clearly and vigorously expressed, his book is very diverting, or very shocking, according to the reader's temperament, and, after all, nothing sharpens the teeth of the mind like setting them firmly into a fallacy of the tougher order.

The Origins of Christianity. By the late Charles Bigg, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; edited by T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

This is a disappointing book. The promise of the title is not fulfilled, for it is not with the origins of Christianity but with its history from Nero to Diocletian that the author deals. Nor is the work of the quality one might expect from the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford, whose Bampton Lectures on "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria" have long been well and favorably known. The book was not written for professional historians, but for a wider public, and so should not perhaps be criticised because it contains nothing new and unfamiliar, though it is certainly a mistake to suppose that an author must necessarily confine himself wholly to conventional material because he has others than scholars in view.

A more serious defect is the superficiality of treatment. Even as a summary of familiar matters, it lacks vitality, insight, and imagination. It is commendably accurate, and bears witness to the author's learning and to his acquaintance with the best modern literature—it is not in any sense a bad book. But just because of this its futility is all the more apparent and all the more annoying. The very arrangement of the material betrays the shallowness of the treatment. The book is divided into thirty-seven chapters, one of them printing but two pages, and more than a third of them carrying the name of an emperor as title, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, etc. It would be a miracle if with such a table of contents the book itself were anything but scrappy and superficial. External biographical details, bibliographical notices, and accounts of persecutions bulk large, while the really vital things, such as the inner meaning of the new faith, its appeal to the peoples among whom it spread so rapidly, the forces which shaped its development, its influence upon the world and the world's influence upon it, all these are overlooked or treated in a most casual and inadequate way. The chapter on the Apologists, in which an account is given of the principal writings and the arguments used without any attempt to get at the heart of the situation, or at the real significance of the Apologists' task, is but a sample of the unsatisfactory character of the whole book. Even a chapter with so promising a title as the Church at the Close of the Second Century yields little more than a series of details touch-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing organization and liturgy, matters which properly belong in an encyclopædia of Christian antiquities, not in a history of Christianity. The final chapter, entitled A Review of the Third Century, is much better, but is all too brief and is taken up largely with such conventional topics as private confession, asceticism, and celibacy of the clergy. Though the old anti-Romish polemic has happily almost wholly disappeared from recent church histories, the traditional interests still continue to dominate them, and questions which were formerly bitterly debated between Catholics and Protestants, or between one and another Protestant sect still form the staple of discussion. This is particularly true in England, where perhaps the old differences have been longest in dying out, or where, at any rate, the historic spirit has been longest in outgrowing them.

It is to be greatly regretted that since the death of Edwin Hatch scarcely any work of importance has been done by English scholars in the field of early church history. Conventional, stereotyped, or apologetic treatments of the subject are about all that have appeared. Of freshness and originality, and particularly of large and constructive work, there has been little. Canon Bigg's book is no greater sinner than many another. It is simply one more mediocre book where there are already too many.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. 1752-1755 and 1756-1758. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Virginia.

This volume, the second issued by the present State librarian, consists of the Journals of two General Assemblies, the first comprising pp. 1-332, and the second pp. 333-551. There were eight sessions of the first Assembly, and four of the second. The custom adopted in the preceding volumes of printing the names of the Burgesses has been somewhat changed, as they are now given for the whole term of the Assemblies, with notes showing changes during the terms, instead of, as heretofore, appearing before each session of the Assembly: hence we have but two lists, instead of twelve.

As is well known to those interested in this publication, the printing was begun with the volume for 1773-1776, and has proceeded backwards, so to say, so that it has now reached the sixth volume. This plan was presumably adopted from lack of the earlier journals, which it was intended to supply as the printing continued. The importance of the publication has been heretofore commented on, and, indeed, is understood of itself.

The first session of the Assembly of 1752-55 began on February 27, 1752, being the first session of an Assembly since 1749. Gov. Dinwiddie arrived in Virginia November 20, 1751. In his address to the Assembly he recommended first "that some way should be found to prevent delays in the courts of justice," and, secondly, "that good relations should be cultivated with the Indians in order that the French and Spaniards—particularly the former—might not be able to carry out their designs of settling in the interior." The fact that "the King in council had repealed ten acts passed by the preceding Assembly," prevented the fulfilment of the first recommendation, but the Assembly, on April 6, 1752, passed "An Act for encouraging Persons to settle on the Waters of the Mississippi." Such settlements had previously been made in Virginia (as of the Huguenots at Manikin Town, King William County, and of the Germans at Germannia, in Spotsylvania County), as a protection against inroads of the Indians. This kindly feeling, however, soon changed on account of the dispute over "the pistole fee." The Governor required the payment of a pistole ($3.50) as a fee on the issue of a patent for land at the secretary's office. This led to a pamphlet by Richard Bland, "A Fragment on the Pistole Fee, Claimed by the Governor of Virginia," which has been edited by W. C. Ford. The claim angered the Burgesses, especially after their handsome present, and they inquired by what authority the Governor made this demand. He replied that the order was given "in accordance with the authority granted him in his instructions from the home government and with the advice of the Council," and that the matter was one with which the House of Burgesses could not constitutionally deal. This did not satisfy the Burgesses, but the House passed a resolution, "That whosoever shall hereafter pay a pistole as a fee to the Governor for the use of the seal to patents for lands shall be deemed a betrayer of the rights and privileges of the people," and they sent the Attorney-General, Peyton Randolph, to London to investigate the matter. The editor states that "in this dispute Dinwiddie was technically in the right," for the land was the King's land, and that the "fee was ill-advised, but not illegal." It, however, destroyed the amicable feeling between the Governor and the Burgesses, and affected the sum appropriated by the House of Burgesses after Washington's mission to the French commandant in regard to the disputed territory in the Ohio Valley.

The capitulation of Washington at Fort Necessity on July 4, 1754, caused another session of the Assembly. The House passed a bill to raise £20,000 for the campaign, but attached a rider for the payment of Peyton Randolph's claim of £2,500 in the matter of the pistole fee, to which the Governor would not agree, so the bill failed. The House eventually backed down and passed the bill.

The Assembly of 1756-58 first met on March 25, 1756. The Governor hoped for a change in the membership, and there was a change of about thirty-eight per cent. But "the old leaders were returned, and it may be doubted if the change in personnel was of any great advantage to the Governor in his efforts to control the House." It declined to send men to Crown Point on account of the danger at home; it passed a bill for the appointment of an agent in England, to which the Governor was opposed; and it offended him "by sending the sergeant-at-arms with his mace within the bar of the General Court, and compelling certain officials of that court who were members of the House to attend its meetings." It passed an act to raise £25,000 for the better protection of the inhabitants on the frontiers, and to erect a chain of forts. Among these one was to be immediately erected at Winchester, Fort Loudoun, the remains of which may still be seen there. Washington's letters set forth the alarming condition of affairs, and an act was passed to allow members who were officers of militia to repair at once to their respective posts. The Assembly did its best to meet the emergency.

The feeling between the Governor and the Burgesses was now more harmonious, and the Governor announced his intention of resigning on account of his health, which he did in January, 1758. Gov. Fauquier did not reach Virginia until June 7; in the meantime John Blair, president of the Council, was acting Governor.

There are still errors of proof in this volume, but the proofreading has improved.

Essays in Politics. By Andrew Macphail. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.80 net.

British imperialists who base their hopes on preferential tariffs are vigorously attacked in this book of Mr. Macphail's. The Canadian writer, who is here a student of economic and political conditions, offers not a grain of encouragement for politicians of the Chamberlain school. Mr. Macphail sees only danger in the forging of tariff links for empire welding, and relies upon race loyalty to open up the way to political coherence in any future British federation.

In the best essays in this book, which relates chiefly to Canada, the main argument is against the economic theory of protection. Certain phases of Canadian loyalty are criticised, as well as the impatience of advice and rebuke from headquarters that has so often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a decision in the Foreign Office at London, or an award in which long views were necessary, the occasion of colonial discontent. Mr. Macphail shows how Canadian statesmen have sometimes failed to understand how complicated an affair is that great world in which Britain has to decide questions that must be regarded, not in the feeble light of the court room, but in the lurid glare of war. In other words, so long as Canada and the other young nations remain members of the empire without fully sharing its responsibilities, they must submit, in their negotiations with other countries, to compromise which in whole or in part rejects their claims. The opposition of Lord Alverstone to his Canadian colleagues in the Alaska boundary award is justified now by some who strongly resented it at the time. Lack of appreciation of the length, breadth, and thickness of imperial interests has too often vitiated colonial opinion of British diplomatic difficulties.

It will surprise American readers, we think, to learn that in this book confession has at last been made that the British government got what they were not entitled to in the Maine boundary case and came out ahead in the Oregon difficulty. Nor will they fail to season their humor with sober reminiscence when they read of Lord Elgin's festive hoodwinking of the Senators at Washington into accepting the famous Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-1866: one of the cleverest strokes in the history of diplomacy. This was the treaty "floated through on champagne." Mr. Macphail reminds his countrymen that, so far as this continent is concerned, certain limitations were inexorably imposed upon British diplomatic effort by the surrender of Cornwallis, and that Canadians must learn the lesson of compromise by which widely dispersed empire is maintained. The same lesson, he avers, must be learned by the United States. The book is well calculated to offset aggressive publications that assume preferential tariffs as the indispensable basis of federation. As might have been expected, there is a chapter on current political questions in the United States; and in this, Mr. Macphail makes many just observations on our shortcomings, while sometimes going far afield in his conclusions. He says in one place, for instance:

> That is why there is no public opinion in the United States and no political discussion in their newspapers—for the same reason that there was none in Turkey previous to July [1908].

We are not concerned to examine the reason or occasion for this statement, as its exaggeration is patent. Such a statement as this is quite sufficient to suggest the rashness of inference into which the writer of this book is sometimes betrayed. But, for all that, there is much in it that rings clear and true.

Notes.

"American Prose Masters"—essays by W. C. Brownell on Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Poe, and Henry James—is an important new publication soon to be issued by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

New evidence of the serious appeal of H. G. Wells, in England if not in our own country, is offered in the issue, through Unwin, of a volume by the Rev. Alexander H. Crawford, entitled: "The Religion of H. G. Wells, and Other Essays."

A translation by W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson of Prof. Rudolf Eucken's "Die Lebensanschauungen der Grossen Denker," rendered in English as "The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers," is offered by the same publisher. The winner of the Nobel prize studies in this volume, much read in Germany, not merely the philosophies of the past, but also the present situation. Eucken belongs to the more conservative wing of modern pragmatism.

Joseph Pennell is as well qualified to draw as is Mrs. Pennell to discuss the "French Cathedrals," and the volume which is the product of their collaboration, and which the Century Co. will publish, is likely to prove one of the most beautiful of "gift books." The 183 illustrations from drawings by Mr. Pennell are after originals in the Luxembourg Museum.

The successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, Prof. Joseph Bédier, will deliver a course of five lectures on "The French Epic Legend," at the University of Chicago, beginning November 29.

Sturgis & Walton Company will issue this month the first volume of the Court Series of French Memoirs, translated from the manuscript of Cléry, valet to Louis XVI, under the title, "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison: The Journal of its Confinement."

For Lacy Collison-Morley's "Giuseppe Baretti" (Scribner), the late F. Marion Crawford wrote an introduction which gives added interest to an account of the subject's literary friendships and feuds in the days of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Doves Press will issue in November "William Caxton," a paper read by George Parker Winship, librarian of the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, at a meeting of the Club of Odd Volumes in Boston, in February, 1908. The essay will be issued in small quarto, and printed in black and red. The three hundred copies to be issued will be bound in boards, paper sides, and vellum backs, at 10s.; or in morocco or sealskin at £2 10s. There will also be 15 copies on vellum.

On October 23 Houghton Mifflin Company will issue a volume, "American Foreign Policy," which seeks to analyze the present situation in world-politics. The author states the newly gained importance of America in international affairs, and makes his due proportion of suggestions for our future course. A certain added interest may, perhaps, be found by some readers in the circumstance that the title page bears no trace of authorship other than the words, "By a Diplomatist."

Hermann Hagedorn, whose "Woman of Corinth" was published last year by Houghton Mifflin Co., will make his reappearance as a poet in "A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems," to be issued through the same publishers. The title poem of the new volume was read at the Harvard Class Day of 1907, and it is safe to say that it has not been forgotten, even now, by those who attended the academic performances in Sanders Theatre. The new book contains besides "A Troop of the Guard" and other verses, the Lincoln Ode read last February at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, other odes, and a one-act-play, realistic in action, although poetic in form, and philosophic in temper: "Five in the Morning."

The proposed British expedition to conquer the South Pole is enthusiastically approved by the Royal Geographical Society. The opening article of the October number of its organ, the *Geographical Journal*, contains a letter from President Darwin to the leader, Capt. R. F. Scott, in which he promises "every help it is in our power to give." The aim of the expedition is twofold, to cover the remaining one hundred miles between Mr. Shackleton's farthest point and the Pole, and the further exploration of the Ross Sea area. The start will be made not later than August, 1910, in order to be at the base of operations in December. It is hoped that much light will be thrown on the nature and extent of the great ice barrier, and that the study of ice-physics will be promoted as the result of the purely geographical work. The officers and crew for the expedition have been selected and arrangements have been made for the purchase of the whaler Terra Nova. In this number there is also a summary of the narratives of Cook and Peary without criticism or expression of opinion, which is reserved "till fuller information is available."

Nature intended Samuel McChord Crothers for the ideal celebrant of Dr. Holmes's centenary, as any one may learn by reading the little volume published by Houghton Mifflin Co., under the title "Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Autocrat and His Fellow Boarders." If the chief advantage offered in these centenary celebrations is to provide one generation with the opportunity to speak its mind of another with a candor and an insight not always given to contemporaries (and this is the suggestion of the London *Times* reviewer, in praising Lewis W. Townsend's biography of "the little doctor"), there is an appropriateness in its being Dr. Crothers who uses the "candor and insight" in writing of the earlier New England humorist. The essayist mentions the fact that Holmes began to write in college, and wrote on till, in extreme age, "the pen dropped from his hand"—adding that his pages were "meant more especially for readers who have a personal interest in the writer," as the writer himself asseverated. And, like other persons who write much about themselves for publication, he had little to say in private—in his letters, for instance. Every reader of the "Autocrat" series has, undoubtedly, a certain inti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

macy with Dr. Holmes: Dr. Crothers drives home this point. There is a crispness and brevity, however, to the essay which prove that the essayist has a will to apply his own maxim: "The writer who is unusually fluent should take warning from the instructions which accompany his fountain-pen: When this pen flows too freely it is a sign that it is nearly empty and should be filled." Dr. Crothers is at his best in his appreciation of his subject's nimble wit —which was, he tells us, "a safety-match which struck fire on the prepared surface of the box in which it came. Boston was the box."

The amateur spirit recognizable in Dr. Holmes's prose is even more marked in his verse. Indeed, "he was not a poet in the usual sense of the word," writes Dr. Crothers. To "The Chambered Nautilus" alone, among his poems, does the critic concede artistic completeness. And "The Chambered Nautilus" is, very properly, the eleventh and last of the sheaf of poems which, with Dr. Crothers's essay, makes up the little book. As for the essay itself, its satire is as harmless as the earlier Doctor's. And it brings that Doctor before us again in wonderfully clear definition—one is reminded of that pen-picture by a contemporary which gives him "a powerful jaw and a thick, strong underlip, that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. In conversation he is animated and cordial—sharp, too, taking the words out of one's mouth."

In honor of Prof. Francis B. Gummere's twentieth year of teaching in Haverford College, ten of his former pupils have published a volume of studies in modern literature under the title "Haverford Essays." The articles, covering a wide range of subjects, will, for the most part, be of interest mainly to specialists in the various fields. C. G. Hoag discusses the logic of argument with particular reference to current text-books on argumentation, which he finds generally deficient in logical coherence. S. G. Spaeth argues that Milton possessed a rather highly technical knowledge of music. W. S. Hinchman contributes a gently impressionistic interpretation of George Herbert. C. H. Burr studies the original poetic impulses in the younger Wordsworth. A. G. H. Spiers offers a stylistic criticism of Dante's "Vita Nuova," chapters xxiv to xxviii. J. A. Lester points out some Franco-Scottish influences on the early English drama. C. W. Stork institutes a comparison of Heine and Tennyson as exemplars of national characteristics. W. M. Hart examines Chaucer's "Franklin's Tale" as a specimen of narrative art. C. H. Carter investigates the origins in universal folk-lore of the mediæval romance, "Ipomedon." W. W. Comfort treats of the Moors in Spanish popular poetry before 1600. The volume is privately printed and published. Copies may be obtained by addressing the secretary of Haverford College.

There have been so many books recently going over about the same field as John Fyvie's "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era" (John Lane Co.) that it is not easy to be fair to the latest comer. Mr. Fyvie's chapters will be lively reading to those who are not too familiar with their themes; they will sound pretty stale to those who have kept up at all with the recent anecdotal literature of the eighteenth century. The longest of the sketches is given to Samuel Foote, who ought to be very entertaining, but somehow is not. That on Elizabeth Chudleigh is virtually a reproduction of a sketch in "Seven Splendid Sinners"—not because Mr. Fyvie has plagiarized, but because he necessarily draws on the same limited sources of information. The chapter on George Selwyn is well informed, but fails—a fatal failure in a book of this sort—to take full advantage of so picturesque an incident as Selwyn's expulsion from Oxford for participating in the sacrileges of the Medmenham "Franciscans"; and, while setting forth the truth of Selwyn's taste for executions, it fails to draw out the psychological curiosity of combining such a taste with a genuine tenderness for children. The Countess of Suffolk contains at least one quotation that has not become stock in trade—the extraordinary letter of George II to the Queen on hearing that his "vieille maîtresse" had married George Berkeley. The chapters on George James Williams and the Duchess of Queensberry are an old, old story. Those on the Rev. John Warner, D.D. and Melesina Trench are comparatively fresh. Mr. Fyvie writes conscientiously and with a fair degree of vivacity.

Notwithstanding the voluminous literature of the later slavery struggle in the United States, no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been offered of the suddenness with which Congress and the country, after apparently general acceptance of the compromise of 1850, plunged into the great controversy over the Kansas-Nebraska bill. To most students of the period, the bill seems to have come, as Jefferson said the Missouri controversy came, "like a fire-bell in the night." The initiation of the bill has usually been ascribed to Douglas, notwithstanding Douglas's announced determination, in 1851, "never to make another speech on the slavery question." The customary explanation, to which even Mr. Rhodes lends the weight of his authority, has been that Douglas's action in the matter was a bid for the Presidency, though Professor Burgess ascribes to him the more worthy motive of believing that the principle of the bill was the true one for the United States to observe in dealing with slavery in the Territories. It has been reserved for Prof. P. Orman Ray, of the Pennsylvania State College, to examine the whole subject afresh, and to offer what we think must henceforth be regarded as the true explanation of this epoch-making bill. In "The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise" (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), Professor Ray uncovers for the first time the political conditions in Missouri which for several years had made the opening of the Nebraska country an issue of increasing importance, and which formed a large element in the opposition to Benton, with the resulting destruction of Benton's State leadership. However much the East and South might affect to regard the compromise of 1850 as a finality, the demand in Missouri and Iowa for the further extension of slave territory continued loud and insistent. Professor Ray's investigations seem to show conclusively that the real author of the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, though not its sponsor, was David R. Atchison, Benton's implacable political enemy, and successor in the Senate. The evidence in support of this contention is too detailed to admit of summarization here, and we can only commend Professor Ray's volume as a sound piece of historical work and a contribution of first-rate importance. Incidentally, the book is another striking illustration of the need more and more recognized by students, of reëxamining the critical episodes of our constitutional history from the standpoint of State politics.

The monumental compilation, "Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante Alighieri" (Rome: Forzani), to which we have several times referred, is completed with the publication of the fifteenth volume, which appears after the death of the compiler, Carlo del Balzo. This volume covers the period which ended with the Dante celebration in 1865. It contains, besides a sheaf of productions in Italian, including Frigeri's drama "Psiche e Bice," poems in Slavic by Anna Vidovicena, in German by Julius Schanz, and in Dutch by E. I. Potgieter. An appendix gathers up several earlier pieces that were overlooked, among them Hans Sachs's "Dantes der Poes von Florenz." Each piece has biographical, historical, and bibliographical notes, representing an immense labor in research. Del Balzo spent twenty years on this monument to Dante, which is, so far as we know, unique: for no other world-poet has had such an anthology of tributes. Del Balzo was one of the most vigorous of the contemporary literary men of Italy. This compilation was his avocation; his chief original product consisted of ten novels in which, after the fashion of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," he attempted to depict Italian life, high and low, as it is. He also served as a republican deputy, coming through ten years of parliamentary battles with the respect of all parties. He was born in 1853, and died April 25, 1908. His Dante compilation deserves a place in every important library. It embraces over 400 authors in some twenty or more languages.

The recent volume of Wilhelm Wünkhaus, entitled "Der Humor Jesus" (Evangelischer Verlag), is a reverent attempt to show that in the teachings of Christ genuine humor is a not unimportant element. The author investigates the contents of the gospels, maintaining what Kingsley already said of humor: *Hominis est, ergo Christi est, ergo Dei est.* It is questionable, however, whether the author does not at times find humor in Christ's sayings where none was intended.

Two volumes of Paul Hinneberg's "Kultur der Gegenwart" (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) appear in second and enlarged editions, the valuable "Geschichte der Christlichen Religion," which includes sections by such distinguished authors as Harnack, Wellhausen, and Jülicher, and the interesting and weighty "Systematische Christliche Religion," which has such contributors as Herrmann, Troeltsch, Seeberg, and H. J. Holtzmann. In the latter the veteran and confirmed antagonists, Herrmann the Protestant and Mausbach the Catholic, expound on adjacent pages and from their distinct points of view the systems of morals which they regard as Christian. Impartial scope is offered also to both confessions in the exposition of doctrine and of disputed periods of ecclesiastical history. Bet-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter department of each side toward the other based on more thorough mutual understanding, is confessedly one of the designs of the series. It is probable that the main topics of Christian history and doctrine, as held by the two great divisions of Christendom, were never expounded with greater clearness, thoroughness, and succinctness, and by men better qualified to treat him, than in these volumes. In the new editions fuller treatment is found of the Christianity of western Europe in the Middle Ages, and of the history of Protestantism and Catholicism since the sixteenth century, the latter from the pen of Albert Ehrhard.

In a book that is not to be taken too seriously, yet which does add to the material at hand for discussing either a possible *entente* or a possible war between the nations concerned, Karl Bleibtreu writes of "Deutschland und England," not as cousins, but as brothers (*Berlin*: Karl Curtius). It will not be Bleibtreu's fault if German and Briton are not soon swearing an eternal *Bruderschaft*. One result will be, he writes, to upset that balance of power which the Yankee has of late been so rapidly creating for himself. This author of war tales credits the Englishman with having stirred himself of late to study Germany more—the result of Germany's forcing herself to the front among nations; but declares that John Bull still knows far less of Germany than the Germans do of England. The hateful failure of English world-politics has caused many Anglo-maniacs in Germany to become Anglo-phobes; both nations cry out *Carthiginem esse delendam*, and yet the more the one knows of the other, the more must the desire be felt to prevent the retrogression of either. For Russia and France must ever remain England's rivals, and Germany is the only country (Bleibtreu can at will forget the Yankee in his calculations) which may be relied upon to stand over against the two, on England's side. This volume discusses, too, the salient differences in British and in German history, compares the military and marine power of each as it is to-day, and investigates trade conditions and colonial expansion, besides treating of matters of art and of literature. English sculpture is declared to be so *übel* as to give one a feeling of distress on seeing it, whereas English pictorial art leads the world; the scheme of the Kaiser in plotting his *Siegesallee* may have got a little out of joint, but London, architecturally, is a monstrosity. This writer claims that only in their willingness to marry for love, and without any thought of money, are the English and Americans superior morally to the Germans; and suggests some caustic tests of the German and English ideas of liberty.

John Prentiss Poe, of the family of the poet, died at Ruxton, Md., October 14, aged seventy-three years. He was a former attorney-general of Maryland, dean of the law department of the University of Maryland, and codifier of the Public General Laws of Maryland, in two volumes.

Moses Grant Daniell, educator, died in Boston October 18, aged seventy-three years. He was the editor of many texts, had composed a number of Latin grammars, books of exercises, etc., and had for some years prior to his death held a position in the editorial department of Ginn & Co.

Elie Fourès, "cigalier et félibre," has died at Meudon, near Paris. His reputation as a poet depended chiefly upon his "Ondeline." For some years he has been working upon an exhaustive "Histoire des Troubadours" which he leaves unfinished.

Science.

Malaria and Greek History. By W. H. S. Jones; to which is added "The History of Greek Therapeutics and the Malaria Theory," by E. T. Withington. London: Sherrat & Hughes.

In the last five years the Victoria University of Manchester has printed about fifty volumes in several series, as the Manchester University Publications. This handsome volume, No. VIII in the Historical Series, is an effort to amend and enlarge the interesting hypothesis, set forth in an earlier essay, that in the decline of ancient Greece malaria played an important part. Such an explanation of the downfall of great nations, the hypothesis being evidently capable of wider application, throws new light on the perennial problem of the permanence of republics, and obviously has merit in proportion as it is verifiable.

A not inconsiderable part of the book is given up to a general discussion and to an account of the present existence of malaria in Greece. For the rest, the argument is that Greece was probably not malarious in early times—or, at all events, the number of cases was not great—but became so later when the influx of foreigners, including many infected persons, caused an increase of the disease in various fertile districts, as it almost certainly did in Attica in the fifth century B. C.

References to malaria by non-medical writers are lacking or most obscure before the second half of the sixth century, and even then the passage in Theognis is vague, and the evidence of Herodotus concerning Asia Minor for the same period dubious. After this, there is an increase of illness which may have been malaria or its results. At the beginning of the fourth century references to fever were much more frequent. In Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plato, Mr. Jones finds more numerous allusions to fever recognizable as malaria, and the later evidence from Aristotle points to its prevalence. The medical writings are more unsatisfactory because of the difficulty of determining to what extent older authorities are quoted; but the Hippocratic collection is judged to show "that the Greeks of 400 B. C. were perfectly familiar with intermittent fevers, remittent fevers, various pernicious types of malaria, and malarial cachexia." Much space is devoted to a consideration of the effects of these conditions in weakening the people and as a cause of extensive movements of the population into towns, in which, however, malaria may likewise have existed. Extended emigration may also be due to this cause, although Mr. Jones admits that other influences were at work. In fact, when he attempts to make a definite application of his hypothesis, he becomes cautious and seems to feel that he is offering a suggestion rather than a demonstration. Incidentally, the reputation of the Sybarites is reëstablished by the intimation that their apparent effeminacy was merely the extreme caution of a wealthy people—measures of protection rather than of profligacy.

Dr. Withington's essay, of some twenty pages, discusses the pronounced change in therapeutics in the fourth and third centuries B. C., the decline of the Hippocratic method and the development of temple medicine, the loss of the scientific spirit in medicine, and a renewal of the earlier confidence in religion, magic, and empiricism. This change is held to be no longer mysterious, if we accept the prevalence of a disease like malaria which often seems to yield to emotional influences or to some strong impression on the imagination, conditions which we moderns, with our specific treatment of the disease, are apt to forget.

In another brief appendix the author attempts to show that the change of view regarding marriage and womanhood, which according to Benecke became evident in the fourth and third centuries B. C., may be explained by the increase in the activity of woman as a nurse when the necessity for such service became greater. This is a matter well worth more extended treatment.

A new series of publications is to be issued through the Putnams as the History of Science, each of the leading branches of science being treated in a volume. The plan is to deal first with the myths or fallacies which preceded the development of the given science, then to supply short biographies of the great men connected with it, and to discuss the social and political conditions which furthered or hindered its progress. Each volume, too, will record important practical applications of the science under consideration, and will contain a bibliography. The first two volumes of the series to appear will be a "History of Astronomy" and a "History of Chemistry," the work, respectively, of George Forbes and Sir Edward Thorpe.

The new volume of the "Atti della Società Italiana per il Progresso delle Scienze" contains the transactions of this society during its sessions at Florence (see the *Nation* for November 19, 1908). The insertion of sixteen full-page plates, reproducing more than seventy of the objects shown at Florence upon whose form, decoration, and associated religious rites Prof. Luigi Milani based his argument in favor of an Asiatic pre-Hellenic origin of the Etruscans, permits those who were unable to be present to judge fairly the line of thought developed in his paper, here printed in full. The earliest Etruscan tombs belong to a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civilization in the first stage of the iron age. What civilization existed in Etruria, while that of the bronze age prevailed among the "lake dwellers" across the Appennines on the lower valley of the Po, is still in doubt. The discussion of Professor Milani's paper was led by Prof. Luigi Pigorini, director of the Museo Kircheriano at Rome, and an authority on the inhabitants of the *Terramare*. Professor Pigorini admitted that, since tombs of the Italiat type, with pozzo, or pit, are found in every Etruscan necropolis, as well as in the Paduan plain, the problem whether there was a continuous evolution in the form of the tombs, or whether there was a sudden change in these forms, caused by the coming of a new people, can only be settled by a systematic and complete exploration of a single Etruscan necropolis. Immediate steps are to be taken to excavate at the point most favorable to the solution of this problem.

Major-Gen. Alfred Elliott Bates, retired, U. S. A., died in New York city October 13, aged sixty-nine years. He was graduated from West Point in 1865, and, after service as an Indian fighter, returned to the military school as an instructor in cavalry tactics. With Gen. Emory Upton he compiled the volume entitled "Cavalry Tactics of 1874." During the Spanish war he was American military attaché at London, and, later, at Paris, where he was created officer of the Legion of Honor. At the time of his retirement in 1904 he was paymaster-general.

The death of Auguste Choisy, French inspector-general *des ponts et chaussées*, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, has recently been announced. He was for many years professor at the École Polytechnique at Paris, and at the École des Ponts et Chaussées, and a writer on architectural subjects. In 1903 he received the gold medal of the Royal Society of British Architects.

Cesare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist and alienist, died at Turin on October 19. The initiator and promoter of "criminal anthropology" was born in Verona in 1836. After graduation from the University of Turin, he practised medicine and lectured at the University of Pavia on medico-psychology. His publications include: "Pensiero e meteore" (1878); "Sull' incremento del delitto in Italia e sui mezzi per arrestarlo" (1879); "L'amore nei pazzi" (1881); "Omicidio e furto per amore 'pazzesce" (1883); "Sul mancinismo motorio e sensorio nel sano," etc. (1884); "Lettere politiche e polemiche," etc. (1885); "Delitti di libidine" (1886); "Studi sull' ipnotismo" (1887); "Le nuove conquiste della psichiatria" (1887); "Troppo presto" (1888); "L'uomo di Genio" (1889); "Palimsesti del carcere" (1891); "L'uomo bianco e l'uomo di colore" (1892); "Le piaghe d'Italia" (1893); "L'uomo delinquente" (1895); "La pazzia nei tempi antichi e nei moderni" (1894). These titles are only a few of those which might readily be cited. In recent years Professor Lombroso has made investigations of spiritualism; ultimately being converted from unbelief to an attitude of partial acceptance. In the course of his professional career he held positions as professor of forensic medicine and psychiatry at the University of Turin, and as director of the lunatic asylum at Pesaro. Earlier he had some experience as an army surgeon in the Austro-Italian wars.

Drama.

"The Incomparable Siddons" is the title chosen for Mrs. Clement Parsons's new biography of the actress, to be issued through the Putnams.

Hermann Bernstein, the translator of several of the Russian author's stories and essays, promises an English translation of Andreev's plays, "The Life of Man" and "Anathema."

Once more are we informed that rehearsals of Rostand's "Chantecler" are in progress at the Porte Saint-Martin. The list of interpreters includes Mme. Simone, and MM. Lucien Guitry, Jean Coquelin, Dorival, and Galipaux.

Among the romantic dramas to be produced this season at the Odéon will probably be included Balzac's "l'École des ménages," which has never been produced, or even published. The play was to have been interpreted by Frédérick Lemaître; its refusal by the director of the Renaissance, who preferred the "Alchimiste" of Dumas *père*, was a great disappointment to the author. Only one copy of the "École des ménages" is known to exist: that of Balzac himself, bearing his autograph annotations. This was formerly in the possession of M. Spœlberch de Lovenjoul, who willed it, with the rest of his Balzac collection, to the Institute.

"The Harvest Moon," which was produced in the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, is in many respects worthy of the reputation of its author, Augustus Thomas. While lacking the romantic and dramatic interest of "The Witching Hour," it has qualities which will commend it to the crowd, as well as to intelligent playgoers. It is a piece with definite philosophic purpose, and although it cannot be accounted altogether satisfactory as a scientific demonstration, it does supply food for thought, and, being written in all seriousness with frequent passages of psychological analysis, is something quite different from the ordinary sentimental or sensational melodrama. In respect of construction it is exceedingly faulty, a number of incidental episodes being loosely strung together upon a very slight thread of dramatic motive. There is far too much talk and too little action, but it should be added that the talk is, as a rule, pertinent and interesting, and often witty. Briefly, the attempt is to show how the life of one woman was destroyed, and how the happiness of her daughter was gravely imperilled by the power of ignorant or malicious suggestion. The mother, divorced through misunderstanding from one husband and legally married to another, dies of a broken heart, when she is wrongfully informed that her second marriage was fraudulent, and her child nameless. The child, out of compassion, is adopted by the first husband, and is made miserable by a malicious spinster, who is always hinting darkly at her mother's worthlessness and the likelihood of her coming to shame in similar fashion. Losing all confidence in herself, and believing herself to be the victim of hereditary taint, the girl exhibits a wilful and capricious temper, and is threatened with complete wreck, when her spiteful aunt reveals to her the hitherto closely concealed facts of her parentage. Fortunately her actual father, the good angel of the piece, is present to disclose his identity, crush the scandal, restore her to happiness and love, and set her on the road to fame. This ending is purely conventional and theatrical, but throughout the play the effect of suggestion and environment upon the character and conduct of the girl is illustrated with admirable invention and dexterity. So far as the specific instance is concerned, Mr. Thomas makes out a good case, but his arguments necessarily fail when he attempts to enforce a general application from a particular example. His facts are too clearly fashioned to fit into his arguments. It does not follow, as he seems to intimate in one place, that too assiduous warnings against the dangers of strong drink may drive a man into a drunkard's grave. A proneness to hasty generalization is one of his weaknesses. His results are apt to be convenient rather than inevitable. But "The Harvest Moon," in spite of its tendency to substitute theory for fact, and the disproportion between its talk and its action, is a wholesome, interesting, and indisputably clever bit of work, with attractions for all classes of playgoers. The moral deduced from it, by one of the leading characters, that it is the duty of playwrights to deliver an inspiring message, is altogether unexceptionable.

William Vaughn Moody's play, "The Great Divide," which in this country achieved one of the most notable theatrical successes of recent years, has just been published in book form (The Macmillan Co.), and will doubtless find its place in every well-furnished modern dramatic library. It stands the test of careful reading, which would be fatal to the great majority of contemporaneous stage productions. It is a pity that it was not printed earlier, in order that some of the English critics might have had a chance to examine the text before seeing the first representation of the piece upon the London stage. In that case they might have perceived in it the literary quality, the deeper meaning, and the intelligent purpose which distinguish it from the class of ordinary wild Western melodrama in which they seek to include it. That it is, especially in the opening scene—so far as the main outlines of its action are concerned—essentially melodramatic, need not be disputed. The same point might be made with reference to many of the noblest tragedies in existence. It may be admitted also that its psychological developments are not in all respects conclusive, or convincing. The true value of the piece lies in the dialogue, which is always simple, natural, compact, significant, and characteristic; in its effort to portray the effect of environment upon character, and the interaction upon each other of originally kindred natures—a woman trained in all the refinements and prejudices of Eastern culture, and a man left to follow his baser impulses in the wilder regions of the West—when thrown together under circumstances where the woman has only her cultivation to defend her against the lawless force of the stronger. Whether or not Mr. Moody's solution of the particular dramatic problem which he set himself is altogether in accordance with probability is not a matter of prime importance. The philosophy of the play, in its broader application, is sound, as the allegorical illustration of it is interesting. In London only the melodramatic externals attracted much attention.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Wallace's recent Shakespearean discoveries are largely discounted by Sidney Lee in a letter to the London *Times*. Mr. Lee holds that Dr. Wallace has greatly exaggerated the value of his finds, and that the single original document which has been brought forward is the *ex parte* statement of a plaintiff in a suit, unconfirmed by the testimony of witnesses or the findings of a court. The document in the case is the plea of Thomasina Ostler against her father John Hemyngs, in the matter of certain shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, of which the estimated value is given. "Daughters," says Mr. Lee, "when quarrelling with their fathers over money matters, have been known to misrepresent and exaggerate the value and nature of their claims." And he might have cited in support the celebrated case of Goneril and Regan. The real value of Dr. Wallace's work Mr. Lee sees in the fact that it calls attention once more to the vast stores of unexplored Elizabethan material in court registers, public archives, and private collections, which might be made to yield precious discoveries. The work is tedious, and, for long stretches, barren of results. In nature it is like digging for radium, but Mr. Lee believes that an investment of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year would keep ten capable investigators in the field. Here, indeed, is a chance for immortality offering itself cheap to some wealthy brewer or pork-magnate. The endowing of a fair-sized university cannot yield anything like the fame which would come to a name tied up with a new date or a new reading in Shakespeare.

Music.

A REGRETTABLE TENDENCY IN SONG RECITALS.

For some years the custom was observed of not giving any serious concerts or song recitals in New York until the first of November. Last year, David Bispham broke this rule, and again this year. Several singers have followed his example, while others have announced their intention of doing so. Doubtless this is due largely to the steady encroachments of grand opera. Formerly we had opera only three or four days in the week. This year the Tuesdays and Thursdays also will be "operized," to use a word coined by Oscar Hammerstein. What is left for the concert-givers unless they fall back on October, when there is no opera?

No one has any particular reason to regret this tendency except the concert-givers themselves, whose audiences are not likely to be quite so large in October as later in the season. But there is another tendency in our concert halls, which calls for emphatic disapproval. It is the outgrowth of a virtue. Until a few years ago, nearly all the singers revealed little more than the musical side of the songs they selected. To the poems they gave even less consideration than opera singers gave to their librettos previous to the Wagnerian era. Presently some of the composers began to write songs in which the music played second—sometimes twenty-second—fiddle to the poem. The singers tried them, and lo, the audiences applauded wildly, for they liked the poems, and the slender music did not worry them.

This species of song is composed and produced more and more frequently, and one feels like asking what is to become of music, of melody, if this continues? David Bispham is one of the chief culprits; he sings things like "Danny Deever," Walter Damrosch's cheap setting of Kipling's poem, on every possible occasion, with other "songs" of that description; and the audience roars with delight. Wetzler, Homer, and others in this country have written such songs. Not that they originated them. They were started abroad. Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf are among the perpetrators, and Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, one regrets to say, is among those who sing them. At his Carnegie Hall recital last Saturday, he produced Hugo Wolf's "Der Feuerreiter," to a lurid poem by Mörike about a burning mill, with a mysterious rider and a skeleton found in the cellar. Wolf's music, regarded as music, is absolutely empty of content, yet, with his rare declamatory art, Dr. Wüllner made his rendering effective. Now this wonderful artist has been highly commended heretofore for showing that the very best songs are none too good for the public, provided they are interpreted with adequate art and eloquence. There are plenty of first-class songs in which the poem and the music are equally good. Why not sing and declaim those? Is music to be excluded entirely from our concert halls?

Hardly a recital is given now without several of these songs, in which the music is inane or superfluous. George Hamlin, a good tenor, had on his Carnegie Hall programme last Sunday a group of old English lyrics which were not improved by the music added to them by Roger Quilter. Still, they were not examples of the extreme tendency referred to—a tendency which, if persevered in, will degrade the art song to the level of the melodrama, in the sense of a dramatic piece in which the plot is of infinitely more importance than the music. Must the pendulum swing quite so far as that before melody and musical ideas again come to their own through a reaction?

Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" are announced in an enlarged and illustrated edition by the Sturgis & Walton Co. The new edition is to include sketches never before Englished.

A distinguished collaboration finds expression in the opera, "Le Mariage de Télémaque," of which rehearsals are now beginning at the Opéra Comique; the music is that of Claude Terrasse, the libretto the joint product of MM. Lemaître and Donnay, of the Académie Française.

That great music is often allied with great poems is proved by the "Gems of German Song," a revised version of which is issued by the Oliver Ditson Company. The collection is made with taste and a regard for variety of style. It includes gems by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Liszt, Rubinstein, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and seventeen other masters. The collection of "Sacred Songs" contains compositions by twenty-six writers, of whom Gounod is the most famous and original. The same firm has also issued a serviceable vocal score of Handel's "Messiah," carefully edited by Dr. Percy Goetschius, whose aim has been to eliminate all errors and additions that have crept into other editions, and not to alter or omit a single note of Handel's original score.

Sir Hubert H. Parry, formerly professor of music at the University of Oxford, is the author of a life of Johann Sebastian Bach, which the Putnams will soon publish. This work is a more condensed survey of Bach's life work, and of his unique artistic character than that of Philip Spitta.

Art.

EL GRECO.

I.

After nearly three centuries of neglect, varied only by dispraise, the Cretan wanderer Domenico Theotocopuli has been reborn into fame. Artists particularly make a cult of him. Museums pay the prices of a Velasquez for his pictures, which only a generation ago passed for the product of a diseased mind. Criticism deals with him in the most serious way. Two years ago, we had the remarkable biography of Señor Cossio, and recently a convenient monograph by Messrs. Calvert and Hartley.*

Note, however, that painters first made the fame of this great visionary. Unlike other revivals, the Greco cult has not been preached *in partibus* by the middlemen of art; it has grown among the studios of Paris and London, whence it has spread widely. Now all popularity implies a preparedness in the public, but equally it implies a propagandist or a group of champions. We talk as if the vogue of painter, novelist, or playwright simply grew. Instead, it is made, per-

**El Greco: An Account of his Life and Works*, by Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley, is the latest addition to Mr. John Lane's Spanish Series. The moody Cretan has become a shibboleth with our ultra modern painters, so one opens such a volume with awakened expectations. But only disappointment lies, we fear, in the average reader's way. In fine this book is a conscientious but wholly uninspired compilation, negligible as criticism, but useful as a collection of facts not readily accessible in English. It lacks a few pictures, mostly in American collections, but nothing of great importance except the Last Supper in the Loeser Collection, Florence (with a smaller version in the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia), which is perhaps the earliest extant work of the master. There are one hundred and thirty-five good half-tone cuts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps, by a single seasonable word of one influential person. Mr. X, the present incumbent of the literary pontificate, tells Mesdames Y and Z over the ortolans that A's first novel reveals genius. The fundamental fact of a popularity is always the same. Somebody feels an enthusiasm and tells somebody else. I often think how much more vivid would be the annals of art if we but knew the real fathers of the great enthusiasms. There was, perhaps still lives, an obscure individual, who casually told Ruskin about Tintoretto. Somebody undoubtedly first mentioned Greco admiringly, and in recent years. I merely suggest that the studios began to hum with this new sensation about a dozen years ago when John Sargent, then planning the Christian subjects in the Boston Public Library, had returned from a prolonged visit to Spain.

But whether it was Mr. Sargent or another who first gave the impulse, somebody would have done it. We were ready for Greco. The rationalizing methods in art and letters seemed to have played out. Men had discovered that there was no salvation in the spots of Manet, nor yet in the dots of Monet. The older realism of Courbet had run its course, with the Rougon-Macquart of Zola. After Taine and his methodology, the impressionism of Jules Lemaître and Anatole France was giving the tone to criticism. In painting temperament was coming to be the most treasured quality. Too much of it there could not be. One yielded to the hieratic lusciousness of Gustave Moreau. The morbid precocities of Aubrey Beardsley were winning international repute. The wisest of dreamers, Puvis, was still active. Burne-Jones's fairyland had not reached its ultimate contour. Resurgent romanticism—a more feverish and disillusioned type than the old—required its own. And no painter of the past was more emphatically its own than the sombre Cretan who filled Toledo with visions of nightmare and ecstacy during the years when Cervantes was writing "Don Quixote."

II.

The record of Greco's life is scanty, yet on the whole illuminating. We meet him first in a letter of the Croatian miniaturist, Giulio Clovio. Writing in the late autumn of 1570, he begs Cardinal Farnese to give temporary lodging at Rome to an able young Candiote painter, a pupil of Titian. The Cardinal presumably accorded a more substantial patronage, for several of the earlier pictures are traceable to the Farnese collection. What chance called Domenico to Toledo and the service of His Most Catholic Majesty we do not know. By 1577, however, the stranger had completed an important picture, The Assumption, now wandered to Chicago, for the Church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo. Two years later he had completed for the cathedral the famous masterpiece entitled The Stripping of Christ (El Expolio), and was engaged in a litigation over the pay. During the trial he declined to tell why he had come to Spain, and though he must have been at least four years already in Toledo, declared that he did not understand Spanish and requested the services of an interpreter. The incident tells that his life had been a solitary one. In 1580 he received from Philip II a commission to paint for the chapel of the Escurial a Martyrdom of St. Maurice. This picture, the first that reveals the true Greco, was the subject of various disputes, and finally gave so little satisfaction that it was denied its position in the chapel and relegated to the chapter hall. His own Toledo at least supported him loyally. The Toledo where Jew and Heretic still roasted at the stake to the edification of Christian eyes and noses, knew how to appreciate the flame-like ecstasy of his brush. For nearly forty years he labored there. Not merely painting, but sculpture and the designing of architectural altar-backs, enlisted his energies. Pacheco visited the old man in 1611 and reports him as of philosophical bent, a writer on art, an inventor of witty sayings. He adds the really important information that he saw clay models for every picture Greco had painted. This shows that the distorted and exaggerated anatomy of Greco's figures was not due to careless improvisation, but was based on deliberate choice.* In 1614 he died intestate, comforted by the sacraments, and was buried in Santo Domingo el Antiguo, where time has effaced his epitaph.

From various scattered intimations it seems to me, we glimpse a personality. The contours perhaps are vague, as they are in Greco's own creations, but as in these, the emotional bias is unmistakable. An inordinate professional pride, a litigious bent, a dread of society, with a craving for luxury and suave sensations, a brooding philosophical disposition commanding eloquent words—here are the familiar traits of the superman. The profound melancholy that accompanied these capacities is written a hundred times with singularly unvarying lineaments in those portraits in which through the features of his patrons he celebrated the dignity of his own spleen. Pride, sensitiveness, inwardness—this equipment made him an ideal interpreter of the Spain of Philip II. They thought Greco mad, and perhaps they were partly right. No perfectly normal person could have lived himself so unreservedly into the religious ardors and ecstasies of the Spain of Teresa of Avila.

*Greco may have borrowed this practice from Tintoretto, who set up his compositions in wax models.

III.

But the story of the man is better surmised from his works than from documents and notebooks. Born in Candia, his first impressions of painting, and perhaps his first practice of the art, must have been limited by the Byzantine decadence. Yet there were strange stirrings within the body of that death. The Greek painters who lived along the Venetian trade routes had in excellent prints the compositions of Tintoretto and Michelangelo. Within the hieratic limitations of gold background, prescribed color, and calliographic modelling and drapery, some of them tried to emulate the grand style that they glimpsed from afar. No great pictures came of the endeavor. But I know few works more strangely piquant than certain of the sixteenth-century panels in which insular artists undertook to write back Michelangelo into the immemorial formulas of Byzantium. This was the art that first influenced Domenico, and, curiously enough, his own fully developed formula in Spain, with its contempt for reality and strong decorative intention, resembles more strikingly this perturbed form of Byzantinism than it does the Venetian painting in which he was actually schooled.

To have been a painter of repute in 1570, as Giulio Clovio assures us Greco was, implies several years of tutelage. Tintoretto, we are told, was the real model for the young painter, even if Titian was the titular master. This may be—the early Grecos have been easily confused with both Tintoretto and Bassano—but I fear the disclaimer rests upon the inveterate tendency to regard Titian chiefly as the author of Sacred and Profane Love, the Man with the Glove, the Flora, the Assumption, and the Pesaro Madonna. Nothing is stranger than the conspiracy of criticism to pass lightly over Titian's mature and most characteristic work. As a matter of fact, by 1565, when, roughly speaking, we may suppose Greco came to Venice, Titian was passing into his ultimate tragic phase. The old patient, beautiful methods of building up a picture in successive over-paintings and glazings, he had largely disused in favor of more direct, drastic, and expressive methods. The old full harmonies of crimson, blue, green, and umber, had given way to a general sombre tonality, varied by rich color, sparsely applied, and by flashes of cold light athwart the darkness. When we think of the Titian that aided Greco, we must summon up, not the creator of the Giorgionesque poesies, but the painter of the St. Jerome of the Brera, the Flagellation of the Louvre, the equestrian Charles V of the Prado. Technically, and spiritually, the affinity between master and pupil is so close at this time that we need not emphasize extraneous influences.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Greco did in the Venetian manner requires, however, but passing attention. His earliest work, which has escaped the biographers, is a Last Supper in the collection of Mr. Charles Loeser, Florence. A similar replica is at Philadelphia in the Johnson collection. Here we find the careful, rather inexpressive work of a beginner. In Christ Healing the Paralytic, in the Scourging of the Money Changers from the Temple, pictures which exist in many versions, and in the Adoration of the Kings at Vienna, the real man begins to appear. If, on first glance, these canvases associate themselves with Titian, Tintoretto, and Bassano, a closer inspection reveals a more exaggerated elongation of the figures, notably small heads, a characteristic wildness in expression, a studied contortion of pose, with keener passages of crimson and green, than the current Venetian practice tolerated. These traits are not insistent or sensational. Without the Toledo pictures, the slight peculiarities of these early works would probably escape us. We have lost Greco's own portrait which Clovio assures us excited the admiration of artistic Rome, but Naples still keeps the fine likeness of Clovio himself, a sound product of the Venetian school, and the odd allegory "Man Is Fire, Woman Tow." The point to note in this not very admirable student work is that Greco had mastered the technic of Venice, and could readily have made of himself a second rate Venetian master. Such perhaps might have been his lot, had not some chance unknown to us taken him to Spain, withdrawn him from the criticism of his peers and even from the sight of fine Italian painting.

IV.

In swarming, gray Toledo, set high within its river loop, still ruled by the savage, gloomy, or ecstatic passions of the Middle Ages, there had been no revival of learning, no liberation of the human spirit; the tolerant Moors themselves had in the main merely provided material for religious fanaticism to work upon. Life was passed in the expectation of the miraculous. Hardly beyond the memory of the grandparents of very old people, St. Stephen and St. Augustine had come down from heaven to lay the pious count, Don Gonzalo Ruiz of Orgaz in his tomb in Santo Tomé. The sense of sin was oppressively strong. But for the blood of Christ and the martyrs guaranteeing the future, life would be one long intolerable terror. Here was a world of mysticism that still lacked its painter, and then came the Greek to appal and ravish the eye.

Yet even in remote Toledo, Venice was not easily to be renounced. Greco's first Spanish picture, the Assumption of the Virgin, is obviously based on Titian's masterpiece. Its rhetorical quality is the same. What is new and original is the drastic half-realistic treatment of the heads of the apostles and those adult angels transcribed from magnificent Castilian women with whom, in rather Oriental fashion, Greco continued to people his heavens. They are in some fashion his most original and gracious contribution to art. Their lithe and powerful figures never suffer the distortions that his saints undergo. They are the elder sisters of Velasquez's Venus. In many pictures they are the single element of materiality. The man who created them was undoubtedly a mystic, but at the bottom of his heart he assuredly was no ascetic. Indeed, one may say of the asceticism of Spain itself that it was like an anchorite who had by strange chance or instinctive design chosen his cave on the haunted steeps of Venusberg. The more famous Stripping of Christ, which is still in the Cathedral of Toledo, is again highly Venetian in its elements. All the forms, I think, even the over-praised Three Marys, could be paralleled in the school of Titian. Remarkable in this picture is its visionary detachment. No locality is indicated or needed. A menacing throng presses out of the gloom about the patient figure of Christ. This restless mass is balanced by the quiet group of the Marys and the workman who bends statuesquely as he bores a hole in the cross. Threatening hands surge out into the torchlight; the bodies to which they belong shimmer uncertainly in the shadow. The scene is a densely peopled no-man's land, where light and darkness contend. It is inhabited not by palpable forms, but by passions. This renunciation of realistic setting is crucial for Greco. In his early pictures we find substantial architecture, and landscape; now simply portentous folk plucked from surrounding darkness by shafts of spectral light. This formula brings Greco into strange associations. Spiritually, it allies him with Rembrandt, whose figures tend to become an incandescence within a luminous darkness. But here the chiaroscuro, while a potent means of expression, remains as well a sound and effective means of representation. Rembrandt's mystery is in essence a sublimated reality. In Greco, on the contrary, representation is soon left far behind. The chiaroscuro becomes a dissolvent, the figures flutter in the light like vapors, the limbs swell or bend as if composed of half-fused metal, the hands—frequently foreshortened—flicker like fronds blown in the wind. In the St. Maurice of the Escurial and the Entombment of the Count of Orgaz we have merely the first symptoms of such deliquescence. In The Adoration of the Shepherds of the Metropolitan Museum the process is complete. The triumph of this method we find in the Baptism, and Resurrection of the Prado, or, better yet, in the Vision of St. John in the Zuloaga collection.

It was the element of excess in the man that made him famous. If he thought his pictures beyond price, it was because no others proclaimed so emphatically the tragic contest of heaven for the possession of the human soul, and is it not this quality in his painting that commends it to the modern artist? The lambent movement of his compositions is an innovation and a piquant one. His world is interfused with a light all its own. At bottom what most of the great technicians have created is a fashion of lighting. The sulphurous reek of Tintoretto, the serene blue of Veronese, the amber obscurity of Rembrandt, the flushed mother of pearl of Tiepolo, the steely irradiation of Velasquez—these are what painters chiefly prize. The effects of an artist are determined by his conception of light. His act of creation is merely a *fiat lux*—he illumines a thing seen with the inner eye. The worst thing we can say of him is that his eye is darkness, creates no light of its own, cravenly accepts an alien or prescribed luminosity. No such reproach lies against Greco. He fills his canvases with a peculiar ashen radiance—Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, in his book on the Prado, has noted justly its charnel suggestion—that plays upon the underlying blackness in the most diverse fashion. The modulation of this pallor is Greco's secret. It bursts violently above his figures like a moon searching the rifts in a cloud; it falls in palpable rays as from a reflector; it flickers through the dark corners of the picture, moves tenderly upon upturned faces, settles steadily upon outstretched and almost translucent fingers, is drunk up by masses of moss green or glowing crimson stuff. Something theatrical there is in this, and something immensely able. Because Greco wrought so craftily with light itself as if there were no intervening pigment, because he contrived such various effects out of a single formula—a mass of rich color set below a subtile weaving of shadow with pallid light—because of these purely technical qualities Greco passes for a great artist in an age when light is king.

V.

We have seen why the modern artist usually admires Greco, and if the above analysis of his religious painting be correct, why, the man of taste cannot afford to dismiss him merely as a bad draughtsman. Greco knew what he was about. The element of excess and self-hypnosis was deliberately cultivated. We cannot well like him in spite of it. It is of the essence of his art. We may then at least test ourselves by asking which pictures we like best, those in which the emotion has assumed strange yet not abnormal forms, or those in which the dissolvent process is complete—concretely, do you care most for the Burial of Count Orgaz and the Martyrdom of St. Maurice, or for The Vision of St.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John and the various Baptisms? And this is a very personal question, for it comes to saying "Do you like him most when most himself, or when his passionate spirit is tempered by reflection on his theme and respect for the traditions of his craft?" In simple frankness I am bound to say that I remember best and could least spare the Burial of the Count of Orgaz. That great and unforgetable picture seems to me to contain at their height all of Greco's most valuable qualities.

St. Stephen and St. Augustine in magnificent vestments have come down from heaven to lay the body of good Don Gonzalo in its grave. It is the moment after their intervention. The celestial officiants bend tenderly over the mailed body, which lies, not stiff, like a corpse, but flexed in their arms, with the head falling sideways like that of one in a swoon. At the left one Capuchin friar points out the miracle to another. At the right a deacon gazes into the heavenly radiance above, while an unseeing priest continues to read the service for the dead. The gold embroideries of the saints and the priest—especially a superb moss green mantle—afford a sonorous contrast with the bluish reflections of the armor and the silvery sheen of the deacon's gauzy surplice. Between these flanking foreground figures stretches a row of solemn heads above white ruffs and black doublets—the mourners. Some gaze ecstatically into the opened heaven, their large eyeballs rolled high into cavernous sockets. Others, with a gentler sentiment, keep their eyes fixed on the dead man; a few maintain the impassive attitude of firm men yielding neither to grief nor surprise. The only overt indication of either emotion is three of those diaphanous hands waving flower-like before the steady mass of black breasts and shoulders. I can conceive nothing more poignantly self-contained, nothing more magnificently correct, nothing more completely Spanish. Above this file of mourners, and seemingly poised on the flames of torches right and left in the background, is heaven itself occupying the semi-circular top of the great canvas. There are permitted the gestures forbidden to knightly folk here below. Balanced on clouds, Christ reaches down in benediction to the Holy Virgin and the gaunt Baptist. Three strong-winged, cloud-compelling angels attend the group. Through rifts are seen the congregations of the saved ranged in their hieratic circles. The clouds are effulgent with the half-seen faces of the cherubim. All heads strain forward in adoration, the whole mass surges with light and motion.

Those persons who expect from art the stab that life itself deals in spiritual emergencies, will prefer Greco in his most undisciplined mood. I have no such expectation or desire. For me the sense of beauty admits all manner of excitement, but always an excitement contained within an enfolding serenity. Within limits many degrees of keen emotional experience are possible. But the moment the sheer excitement perturbs the serenity, the impression of art is tottering; the moment it prevails the sensation is no longer of art at all. Contrariwise, when the excitement departs the serenity becomes void of content—a complacency splendidly null. If this be true, the sense of beauty is akin to the feelings that we have at moments of greatest physical and mental efficiency. The orator riding the storm against hostile hearers knows the calm of throbbing nerves, and that, I take it, is the serenity of art. Thus every impression of art must end well in the sense of leaving us calmed and fortified—the meaning, I take it, of the much discussed term of Aristotle, *katharsis*.

VI.

If we measure Greco by this standard, we shall find him, save in a very few pictures, wanting. Through him we rarely win to serenity of any sort. He dismisses us amazed and troubled. He is called a great portrait painter. There could, I think, be no greater error, and yet few artists have painted more moving and impressive portraits. But these scores of likenesses come down to a single character. Always the haggard face, narrow forehead, uneasily rolling eye under sockets sharply arched—always an overt melancholy silently appealing for sympathy. The technical ability in many of these stern effigies is prodigious. Besides, these faces haunt one. Yet we remember merely a kind of composite of them all. A single ghost would fairly represent the portraiture of Greco, while the persons that one recalls casually from, say, Titian, Holbein, Velasquez, Bronzino, constitute a varied world. In exacting the last jot of wonder, Greco was something more or less than Spanish. It has frequently been said that he is more Spanish than the Spaniards, and in the sense of rejecting the reserve that veils their ardent emotional life this is justly observed. No one has expressed the ferocious ecstasy of Loyola's Spain so completely. But no Spaniard, I take it, would regard so reckless an exposure as quite dignified. Zurburan remains, after all, the finest and truest representative of the Spanish soul in post-Reformation travail.

I have suggested that there may have been in Greco some deliberate cultivation of the ecstatic mood, some rather conscious resort to self-hypnosis The fact that in his old age he returned to his quieter and more concrete manner—in the lovely St. Martin of San José and the Assumption of San Vincente, for example—suggests that his wilder manner may have been not quite spontaneous. At any rate, he was not its victim. When it pleased him that his pictures should no longer recall the melting-pot they readily regained substance and stability. There probably was about him some such element of mystification as we find in a Salvator Rosa or a Whistler. We must take such people only a trifle more seriously than they take themselves. From a sardonic or a wholly vehement person the finest art cannot come.

We must not expect it in Greco. But the art that misses equilibrium is by no means valueless. If we enhance ourselves most vitally through the art that has achieved a passionate serenity, we at least enrich our experience through the art which has missed its bounds. The cry of overstrung nerves and temperament is not uttered in vain when the sufferer is large enough to find in himself the aspiration, or the agony of many men. Certain pedants have written as if the world would be better without its disorderly geniuses. There could, I think, be no sorer error. We need the unbalanced talents, the *poètes damnés* of every craft. They strew the passions that enrich a lordlier art than their own. They fight valiantly, a little at the expense of their fame, against the only unpardonable sins, stupidity and indifference. Greco should always be an honored name in this ill-destined company. Nay, at times, he escapes them, and hovers uncertainly near the elect body of the greatest artists.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Capri, Italy.

Charles H. Caffin has written in "The Story of Dutch Painting," which is to be issued this month by the Century Company, a book likely to interest both adult students of art and wide-awake girls and boys. It is to have twenty-five halftone reproductions of notable Dutch canvases.

Russell Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is to be completed by Arthur L. Frothingham, formerly of the Princeton faculty. The first volume of this work has been published; the second will appear about November 1. The third and concluding volume will be Mr. Frothingham's own work, and will not be published before the autumn of 1910. (Baker & Taylor.)

The Prix Chaudesaignes has been awarded by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to M. Costel, a pupil of Louis Bernier. This *bourse* consists of two annual grants of two thousand francs, with which the young architect honored by the award is enabled to pursue his studies in Italy.

The seventh annual water color exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will be held at the Academy, beginning November 8, and closing December 19. The Beck prize of one hundred dollars is offered for the best work exhibited that has been reproduced in color for the purpose of publication. Original work in water color, black and white, pastel, or drawing with pencil, crayon, or pen, or illustra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions in whatever medium, will be examined by a jury consisting of Thomas P. Anschultz, Albert L. Groll, Blanche Dillaye, James R. Hopkins, G. W. Dawson, and W. H. Holmes.

Twelve years have elapsed since the Goethe Museum in Frankfort was opened as a kind of annex to the Goethe Haus, and in the meantime the library has grown to 40,000 volumes, together with a precious collection of manuscripts and drawings. Now it has been decided to supersede the unstable structure with two fine, fireproof edifices in the style prevailing in Frankfort in 1790, to be erected in the Grossen Hirschgraben and the Salzhaus, adjoining the birthplace of the poet.

The monument to Heinrich Heine by Hasselrijs, placed by the Empress of Austria in the Achilleion, in Corfu, seems fated to become as historic in its wanderings as some of the fabled heroes of old. The Kaiser disposed of it with a snap of his fingers, and there was nothing left for the Oberhofmarschallamt S. M. to do but to sell it to the highest bidder. Julius Campe, a quasi relative of the poet, secured control of the effigy, and straightway offered it to the city of Hamburg, promising to erect it on an imposing pedestal, provided a conspicuous place were given it in one of the public squares. Now the august *Senat* of the old Hanseatic city has refused Herr Campe's offer, remarking that a Heine Denkmal in daily sight of Hamburgians would be offensive! As a possible way out of the difficulty, the city fathers suggest the placing of the rejected masterpiece "in some corner of the Botanical Garden where it will enjoy a quiet background."

Francis Lathrop, an American mural painter, died at Woodcliff Lake, N. J., on October 18, in the sixty-first year of his life. He was born at sea, near the Hawaiian Islands; received his education, in part, at Dresden, and studied painting in London under Burne-Jones and Madox Brown, returning to this country in 1873.

Prof. Richard Engelmann, the archæologist, has died at Graz, in his sixty-fifth year. He was the author of "Bilderatlas zu Homer," "Pompeji," and other works.

Finance.

AFTER THE HARRIMAN RÉGIME.

A month ago, when the Union Pacific directors voted to replace on the board the late E. H. Harriman and the late H. H. Rogers by Jacob H. Schiff and William Rockefeller—both of them Harriman's old associates—and chose as chairman of the board Mr. Harriman's friend, Judge Lovett, the popular Wall Street theory of a contest for control between the "Morgan party" and what is left of the "Harriman party" received a quietus. Believers in that theory remarked sagaciously, however, "Wait till the shareholders' annual meeting on October 12"; and, in fact, there was a considerable body of opinion, on Wall Street, to the effect that the contest was only postponed until that strategic date. Even financial London listened to the interesting story that, at the October meeting, J. P. Morgan's son would become the chief of Union Pacific. The meeting occurred at Salt Lake City on Tuesday of last week, and the directors' action of September 13 was quietly approved.

But this was only one company out of the forty-one in which Harriman sat on the directors' board. There was the Erie, for example, which Harriman last year rescued from bankruptcy when the Morgan interests were about to let it go; the Illinois Central, which Harriman snatched from Stuyvesant Fish in 1907; the New York Central, whose stock he bought with Union Pacific money, and in which he was thought to be crowding out the Vanderbilts; the Wells-Fargo Express, where revolt against Harriman by shareholders, a couple of years ago, evoked from Nelson Cromwell the soothing assurance that Harriman "moves in a world into which we may not enter"; the Gould roads, where Harriman was about to become the guiding force. What was to happen in these boards?

Most of them have not yet acted on replacing Harriman. Last week, however, his vacant chair was filled at the New York Central board by Marvin Hughitt, generally classed as a Vanderbilt man. This was a blow to the market's theories of a "Harriman coup." Outside of the National City Bank, where last month Harriman's place was filled by J. P. Morgan, jr., three other corporations have acted in the matter. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where Union Pacific influence was powerful, has chosen Judge Lovett, who succeeded Harriman in the Union Pacific, to succeed him on its board also. In the Pacific Coast company, John I. Waterbury, hardly a Harriman ally, replaced him; in the Western Union board, Harriman and the late Gen. Eckert were succeeded by Mr. George Gould's son Kingdon and by E. T. Jeffrey, one of Harriman's old antagonists.

These are somewhat mixed results, and they left the Erie and Illinois Central changes undecided. What has already happened indicates that, in at least some quarters, "Harriman control" was lost when Harriman was himself no longer there.

There could not very well have been any other result. The extraordinary power and influence wielded by that remarkable man were derived, in perhaps fairly equal measure, from his individual force and prestige and from his dictatorial use of the Union Pacific's surplus funds to buy into other railway properties. Neither basis for a continued financial hegemony of the sort remains. Harriman himself, with the aggressive personality which used to overawe fellow-directors, and force a "Harriman policy" to a vote even on a hostile board, has gone. Union Pacific's treasury still contains huge blocks of shares in other railway enterprises; but all accounts agree that many of these have been quietly sold in the past few months, and the signs of the times indicate that, before very long, the railway company itself must part with the rest of them and confine itself thenceforward to its legitimate railway business.

What may be called the disintegration of the Harriman group of railways under a single personal control is altogether a wholesome tendency of the day. People who study fundamental causes, will recognize that the Union Pacific $131,000,000 purchases of railway stock in 1906, under the Harriman régime, was only a second phase of the effort of selfish and powerful financiers to get the country's whole railway system into their personal grasp. The first scheme was the enterprise of the Northern Securities holding company, against which Supreme Court Justice Brewer cast his deciding vote in 1904, on the ground that the device "might be extended until a single corporation, whose stock was owned by three or four parties, would be in practical control of the whole transportation system of the country." That scheme the courts of law have blocked. The next expedient was the use, by one bold financier, of a single railway's credit to buy control of all the other railways. To this the panic of 1907 and the death of Harriman have put at least a temporary end.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, A. J. The Romance of a Friar and a Nun. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Andrews, M. R. S. The Enchanted Forest. Dutton. $1.50.
Aveling, H. F., and others. The History Sheet or Case-Paper System. London: P. S. King & Son.
Beard, D. C. The Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone. Scribner. $2 net.
Bennet, R. A. A Volunteer with Pike. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Bennett, A. The Glimpse. Appleton. $1.50
Bingham, M. A. Overheard in Fairyland. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Brady, C. T. On the Old Kearsarge. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Brady, C. T. The Island of Regeneration. Dodd, Mead.
Bright, C. T. Life Story. Revised and abridged. Van Nostrand. $4.50 net.
Browning, R. Pippa Passes. Duffield & Co.
Bryant, W. C. Thanatopsis: Etched on copper after designs by Walworth Stilson. Tandy-Thomas Co.
Burr, A. B. The Autobiography: A Study. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Calendar of Letter-Books Preserved Among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London. Letter-Book I. London: Guildhall.
Canby, H. S. The Short Story in English. Holt. $1.60 net.
Cannan, G. Peter Homunculus: A Novel. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Castillo, B. D. del. The True History of the Conquest of New Spain. Vol I, Second Series, Vol. XXIII. London: The Hakluyt Society.
Castle, A. and E. Diamonds Cut Paste. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Chamberlin, T. C., and Salisbury, R. D. A College Text-Book of Geology. Holt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clarke, E. G. Astronomy from a Dipper. Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Courlander, A. Henry in Search of a Wife. Brentano.
Crawford, M. C. Old Boston Days and Ways. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
Cutter, Mrs. B. B. Practical Recipes. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.
Davenport, E. Education for Efficiency. D. C. Heath & Co. $1.
Davis, J. Travels of Four Years and a Half in the U. S. of America During 1798, 1799, 1800, and 1801 and 1802. Holt. $2.50 net.
Deland, M. Where the Laborers are Few. Harper. $1.50.
Dickens, C. A Christmas Carol. Duffield & Co.
Duncan, N. Going Down from Jerusalem. Harper. $1.50 net.
Emerson, R. W. Nature. Duffield & Co.
Famous Cathedrals Described by Great Writers. Collected and edited by E. Singleton. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Flom, G. T. Norwegian Immigration to the United States. Iowa City, Ia.: Privately printed.
Gardner, W. J. A History of Jamaica. Appleton.
Garforth, W. E. Rules for Recovering Coal Mines After Explosions and Fires. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Garrett, A. E. The Periodic Law. Appleton.
Gordon H. L. The Modern Mother. Fenno & Co. $2.
Gordon, K. Esthetics. Holt. $1.50.
Gray, J. C. The Nature and Sources of the Law. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Grimm, W. and J. Animal Stories. Trans. by L. Crane. Duffield.
Guizon, P. The Animals in the Ark. By Edgar Mills, from the French. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Hale, William J. Calculations of General Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Headland, I. T. Court Life in China. Revell. $1.50 net.
Heck, W. H. Mental Discipline and Educational Values. Lane. $1 net.
Hewlett, M. The Ruinous Face. Harper. $1.
Hollister, H. A. High School Administration. Boston: Heath & Co. $1.50.
Hunting, H. G. The Cave of the Bottomless Pool. Holt. $1.50.
Hyrst, H. W. G. Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Jerome, J. K. They and I. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Jones, A. L. Logic, Inductive and Deductive. Holt.
Jones, D. D. The Technique of Speech. Harper. $1.25 net.
Jordan, W. G. The Crown of Individuality. Revell. $1 net.
Keppel, F. Christmas in Art. Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Kilvert, B. C. The Kite Book. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Kniffin, H. H. Kentucky of Kentucky. Cochrane Pub. Co. $1.25.
Knowles, R. E. The Attic Guest: A Novel. Revell. $1.20 net.
Koren, W. Exercises in French Composition. Holt. 75 cents.
Krehbiel, E. B. The Interdict: Its History and Its Operation. Washington: American Historical Association. $1.50.
Lane, J. V. Marching with Morgan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Lee-Hamilton, E. Mimma Bella. Duffield.
Lepelletier, E. Paul Verlaine, His Life—His Work. Trans. by E. M. Lang. Duffield & Co.
Letters from G. G. Holt. $1 net.
Lindsey, W. The Severed Mantle. Houghton Mifflin.
Little, Mrs. A. In the Land of the Blue Gown. Appleton.
Little, W. My Country: An illuminated and illustrated version of the American National Anthem. Tandy-Thomas Co.
Low, A. M. The American People: A Study in National Psychology. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25 net.
Luquiens, F. B. An Introduction to Old French Phonology and Morphology. New Haven, Conn: Yale University Press.
McFarlane, A. E. Redney McGaw. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Meredith, G. Last Poems. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Mcffett, C. Through the Wall. Appleton. $1.50.
Münsterberg, H. Psychology and the Teacher. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Narrative and Lyric Poems for Students. Edited by S. S. Seward, jr. Holt. $1 net.
Oppenheim, L. International Incidents for Discussion in Conversation Classes. Putnam.
Osler, W. The Treatment of Disease: Address before the Ontario Medical Assn. June 3, 1909. Frowde.
Poe, E. A. Selections, edited with an introduction by F. C. Prescott. Holt. 75 cents net.
Priest, G. M. A Brief History of German Literature. Scribner.
Princeton Theological Seminary Biographical Catalogue, 1909.
Publications of the Princeton Univ. Archæological Expedition to Syria, in 1904-1905. Four parts. Leyden: The Late E. J. Brill.
Report of the International Opium Commission. Shanghai, China, February 1 to 26, 1909. Vols. I and II. Shanghai: North-China Daily News and Herald, Ltd.
Rietz, H. L. College Algebra. Holt. $1.40 net.
Rives, Amélie. Trix and Over-the-Moon. Harper. $1.
Rowe, S. H. Habit-Formation and the Science of Teaching. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Ryan, M. E. The Flute of the Gods. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.
St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences. First Year-Book. St. Paul, Minn.
Sale, E. T. Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times. Phila.: Lippincott.
Schwartz, J. A. Wonderful Little Lives. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Scott, T. The Pleasure of Reading the Bible. Mitchell Kennerley. 50 cents net.
Shumway. D. B. The Nibelungenlied. Trans. from the German, with an introductory Sketch. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Smith, D. E. The Teaching of Arithmetic. Reprinted with revisions, etc., from the Teachers College Record. Columbia University.
Stainer, C. L. King Blacksack and His Sword: Tales for Children. Frowde.
Standish, W. Jack Lorimer's Substitute. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Steiner, E. A. The Immigrant Tide, Its Ebb and Flow. Revell. $1.50 net.
Stevenson, B. E. The Young Train Master. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Thomas, W. I. Source Book for Social Origins. University of Chicago Press: $4.77.
Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. Vol XV. 1909. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ.
Trowbridge, W. R. H. A Beau Sabreur. Brentano.
Twain, M. Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven. Harper. $1.

2nd printing of

Fifty Years of Darwinism

8vo, 274 pp. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.16. Addresses in honor of Charles Darwin delivered January, 1909, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. By Edward B. Poulton (Oxford), and the following Americans: John M. Coulter, David Starr Jordan, Edmund B. Wilson, D. T. MacDougal, W. E. Castle, Chas. B. Davenport, Carl H. Eigenmann, Henry Fairfield Osborn, G. Stanley Hall, with an Introduction by T. C. Chamberlin.

Nation: "Truly a wide range of subject and opinion; a fine tribute to the memory of a great and independent thinker."

4th printing of

Kellogg's Darwinism To-day

By VERNON KELLOGG, Professor in Stanford University. 395 pp. 8vo. $2.00 net; by mail, $2.16.

President David Starr Jordan in *The Dial*: "Its value cannot be over-estimated. A book the student must have at hand at all times, and it takes the place of a whole library. No other writer has attempted to gather together the scattered literature of this vast subject, and none has subjected this literature to such uniformly trenchant and uniformly kindly criticism. An investigator of the first rank, and master of a clear and forceful literary style."

2nd printing of

Locy's Biology and Its Makers

By WILLIAM A. LOCY, Professor in Northwestern University. 460 pp. 8vo. $2.75 net; by mail, $2.88.

An untechnical account of the rise and progress of biology; written around the lives of the great leaders, with 123 illustrations.

Dial: "It is entertainingly written, and better than any other existing single work in any language, gives the layman a clear idea of the scope and development of the broad science of biology."

***Circulars of these books on application.

HENRY HOLT & CO., 34 W. 33d St.

An American Transportation System

A Criticism of the Past and the Present, and a Plan for the Future.

By George A. Rankin *$1.50 net.*

This volume is based firmly upon a foundation of practical knowledge, the best statistics, and a thorough acquaintance with the literature of its subject. It should have a profound effect upon the railway problem, which in this country is one of peculiar difficulty and complexity.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK & LONDON

LIBRARY RESEARCH

Topics of all kinds and in any language looked up in the Boston and Harvard libraries for scholars, writers, and others. Abstracts, copies, translations, and bibliographies made. Proof-reading and revision of manuscript. Highest university and library references.

MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM,
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

READ
ANNE OF AVONLEA
SEQUEL TO
"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES."

FOREIGN BOOKS *Send for Catalogue.* SCHOENHOF BOOK CO. 128 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. **TAUCHNITZ BRITISH AUTHORS**

Just Published

Habit-Formation and the Science of Teaching

By STUART H. ROWE, Ph.D., Head of the Department of Psychology and Principles of Education, Brooklyn Training School for Teachers; Lecturer on Educational Psychology, Adelphi College, Brooklyn. $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

JUST ISSUED. Cloth, $1.50 net.

SAINTE-BEUVE

By Prof. George M. Harper, Princeton University.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me, stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England, call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

Reading Case for The Nation

To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with THE NATION stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

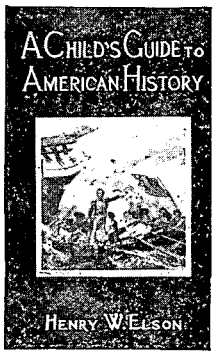
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE "CHILD'S GUIDE" SERIES

THE cordial reception accorded to the titles already published has encouraged us in our effort to provide an educational series at once readable and instructive, and adapted not only to the juvenile mind but also to the riper intellect of the adult who may wish to learn as he teaches.

A Child's Guide to American History

By HENRY W. ELSON



350 pages. 12mo. 16 illustrations. $1.25 net, postage 12c.

The author of Elson's "History of the United States" contributes a volume of much importance to the "Child's Guide" Series. This carefully prepared work provides a manual which will come to be recognized as an invaluable aid to the youthful students of American History. No movement of importance is ignored, though necessarily the treatment is along broad lines. The resulting volume is one of interest and importance.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

A Child's Guide to Pictures

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

A Child's Guide to Mythology

By HELEN A. CLARKE

The books are attractively bound in red cloth, with gold stamping and half-tone cover inserts, and the illustrations will be found notably interesting. Sold at a uniform price of $1.25 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., *Publishers*
33-37 East Seventeenth Street, NEW YORK

Library Orders

We have conducted a special department for many years that has been exceptionally successful in handling book orders from

PUBLIC LIBRARIES
SCHOOLS, COLLEGES
***and* UNIVERSITIES**

Our Monthly Bulletin of New Books, with annotations and brief descriptions of each title recorded, is one of the most helpful aids in book selection.

Library Department

A. C. McCLURG & CO.
CHICAGO

AMERICANA

A new *catalogue* of Books on *American History* just issued (1250 numbers). Will be sent free to any address.

U. P. JAMES, Bookseller,
127 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

Do you know the Beacon Biographies?

The only *authoritative* lives of twenty-nine eminent Americans that are at the same time *brief*. Each volume 50 cents net: by mail, 54 cents.

Send for a descriptive pamphlet.

Small, Maynard & Co., 21 Beacon St., Boston

FOR SALE

Ten volumes of the works of Benjamin Franklin—being set No. 171 of the fine edition issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1888.

These are very handsome books, printed in octavo volumes of five hundred pages each; excellent quality of paper and press work; pica type, and tastefully bound in half leather, gilt top. Price $60. Address Box 55, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

HAREMLIK

By DEMETRA VAKA

"A remarkable description of the life and manner of thinking of Turkish women."—*New York Sun.*

TRADE FB MARK

Medici Series

OF

COLORED REPRODUCTIONS

AFTER THE

Old Masters

A series of reproductions by photography printed in color. Endorsed by the art critics everywhere—and enjoying the patronage of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Boston Public Library, and many of the Universities, Colleges, and Libraries throughout the United States and Europe.

Illustrated Prospectus on request

FOSTER BROTHERS
4 Park Square, Boston
Sole Agents for
CHATTO & WINDUS'S MEDICI PRINTS

BEST

facilities for supplying

American English French **BOOKS** German Italian Spanish

Catalogues free. Correspondence solicited.

LEMCKE & BUECHNER
Established over 50 years.
30-32 West 27th St., New York

The Musicians Library

Handsome booklets *FREE*, containing portraits of Editors, complete descriptions and tables of contents of 50 Volumes.

Special rates to College, School and Public Libraries.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
DITSON BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

Visitors in New York

are invited to examine the resources of our retail store. Here will be found a large stock of current and standard works from American and foreign presses. Teachers or students preparing for courses of reading will find an excellent choice of moderate-priced editions. MAIL ORDERS WILL BE SHIPPED PROMPTLY. Send for catalogues.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,
31 West 23d Street, New York.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN SETS

Balzac, Brontë, Browning, Bulwer, Carlyle, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, De Foe, Eliot, Gibbon, Guizot, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Macaulay, Plutarch, Poe, Prescott, Ruskin, Scott, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

Send for Descriptive Booklet.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED